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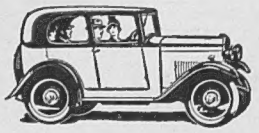

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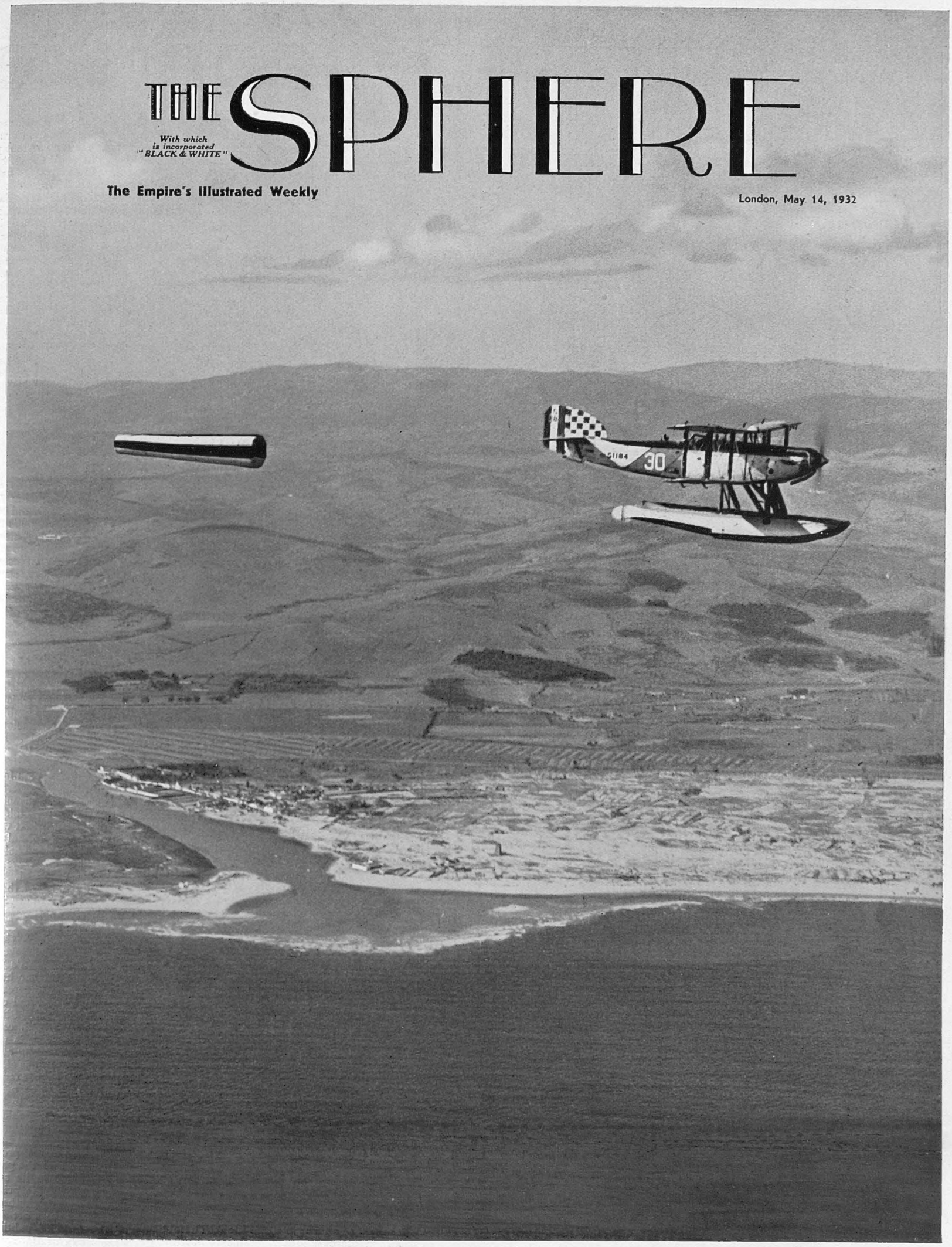

IMPROVING BRITAIN'S ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERY

The "Drogue," Towed Astern of an Aeroplane which Acts as a Target for the "Archies"

It is not generally known that for anti-aircraft gun practice aerial targets are towed by aircraft exactly as marine targets are towed for the purpose of naval gunnery exercises. The target towed is officially known as a "Drogue," and resembles the familiar "sleeve" or "stocking" which flies as a wind indicator at all aerodromes. It is wound out by means of a special apparatus fitted in the aeroplane and, needless to say, it is trailed at a very considerable distance behind the towing aircraft. This picture, the first to be taken for publication, shows the "Drogue" fully open, but before being wound out to the requisite distance for firing practice

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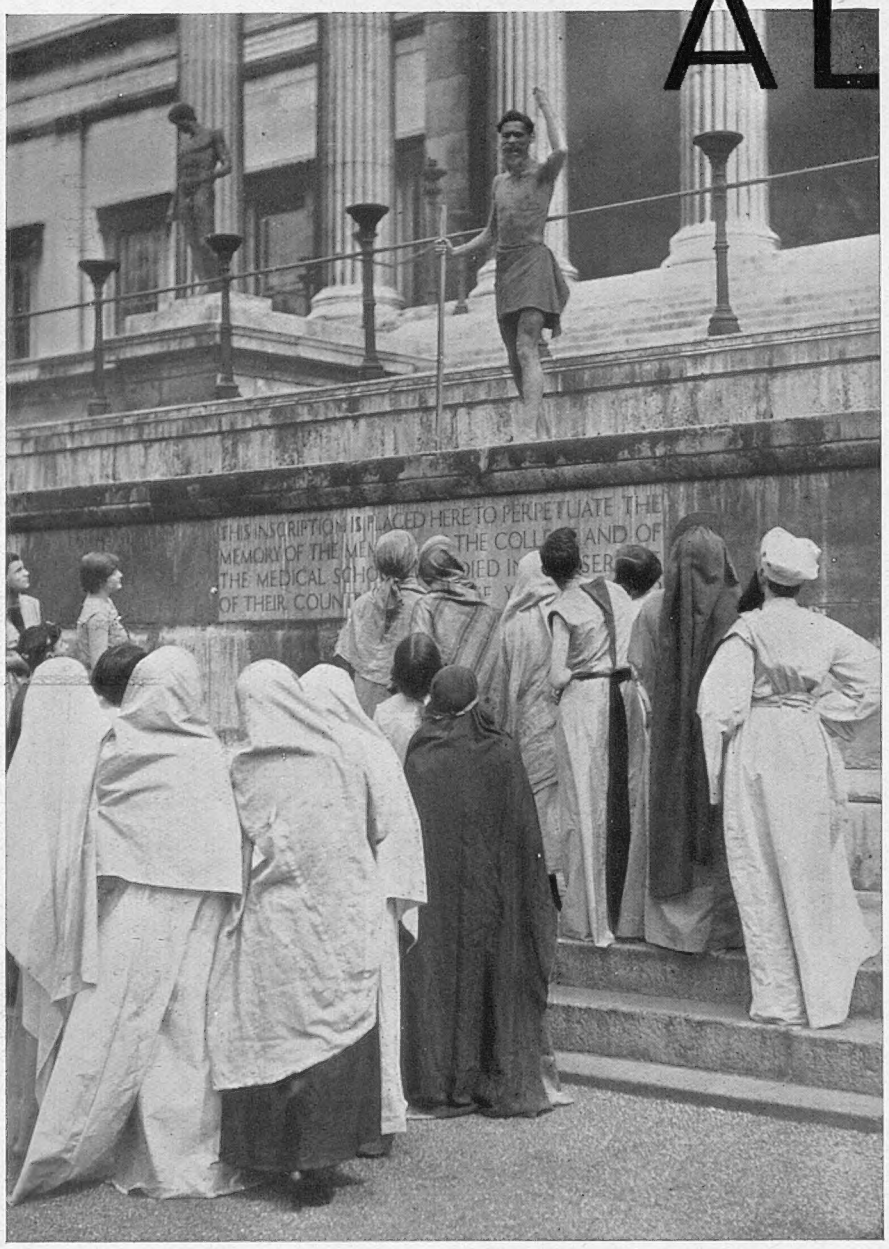


PASSION PLAY IN ENGLAND: The Crucifixion was for the first time dramatically presented in public when a Passion play in eleven scenes, by Mr. Aubrey Menon, a student of University College, was enacted in the open air on the steps of the college in Gower Street last week-end. The cast was composed of students from different sections of the University and the author produced. The John the Baptist is seen above preaching at Jerusalem

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, May 11, 1932.

THE ASSASSIN.—In eighty years over one hundred Monarchs, Princes, Presidents, and high officers of State in civilization have suffered death at the hands of assassins. Yet it did not take eighty years of history to teach us that the assassination of an individual for whatever cause is a certain proof of insanity. From history we learn that murder breeds murder, and even the assassination of a tyrant gives tyranny a longer reign. To kill a tyrant then is to damage the cause of freedom. It is the madness that cuts off the nose to spite the face. All these assassins are steeped in that poison which is the essence of all madness, egotism. It is swollen egotism which broods over imagined wrongs to the individual, to his class, his cause, or his country. The half-wit Oxford, the Fenians, the Nihilists were all tainted with the same madness—an ego, a cause, swollen to a significance which dwarfed all else, and gave to weak, unbalanced minds an overmastering wish to enjoy the publicity of martyrdom. And if it is mad to kill a tyrant, how much more mad to destroy a good old man who in a useful life had embraced no cause but his country's good and the welfare of humanity? It is this same disease, this same exalted egotism, which daily and hourly is destroying human life and human hopes all the world over. The egotism of nations holds back the progress of peace and understanding among nations. The nations sit brooding over imagined wrongs past and to come—Ireland, Germany, and France too, and they rise up and murder hope and sanity. And just in the same way, in the microcosm of domestic affairs, the egotist on the motor-cycle sees himself monarch of all he surveys. *His* time, *his* plans, are all important. Laws and regulations are not for him. *His* time is valuable. So he brushes aside by-laws, disregards "white-lines" and corners, and every day of the year a dozen victims of his ruthless egotism lose their lives.

THE FAR EASTERN MENACE.—The far Eastern menace is like the sea threatening a rotting sea wall in the Low Countries. No sooner is the danger averted at the threatened breach in the wall at Shanghai than rumours more than ever grave of greater danger from Manchuria fly round. Before we hurry from the patched-up breach at Shanghai let us record our thanks to those whom we know to have contributed to that success. Sir Miles Lampson has greatly enhanced his growing reputation in far Eastern diplomacy. Nature cut him out to impress. He has a tall and stately presence, an interesting and strong face, a deep voice, a gravity and dignity which inspire confidence and suggest impartiality and courage to the Oriental mind—in a word, he is a typical strong, silent Englishman. He has, too, behind him a long and sound experience of diplomatic life in the Far East. He first went to Japan in 1906 with the Garter Mission; was second secretary at Tokio, 1908–10; went to Sofia in 1911, and to Pekin as first secretary during the War. He was High Commissioner in Siberia in 1920. With such experience it is certain that Sir Miles does not anticipate that the signature of the Shanghai armistice ends the present far Eastern problem. From Manchuria come constant indications of tremendous military preparations. The Russians certainly believe that Japan is concentrating considerable forces at Kirin; there are rumours of big wheat purchases by Russia from the British Dominions and of the collection of these large grain reserves at Vladivostock. The Soviet armies are on the move with the break-up of winter and those movements are directed along the Manchurian frontier. The whole situation is fraught with anxiety.

A JOB FOR A STRONG MAN.—There is always a strong body of opinion in this country that dislikes the choice of a soldier as chief of police. It loathes the idea of the militarisation of a civil service or force. And there is much to be said for their view. But these are lawless and dangerous times which demand at the head of affairs in Scotland Yard the strongest man available, even though he be a military man; and the force itself needs more than ever before that spirit of discipline—the Guards' patent—which will turn a deaf ear to insidious efforts to sow discontent in the ranks and will blindly follow a chief in whom it reposes faith. Lord Trenchard needs to-day all his reserves of courage, strength, and patience. On the one hand, he is obliquely assailed for suffering the scandal of road lawlessness to continue unchecked—a lawlessness which is bringing back, in magnified form, the great days of Turpin and Duval, and has turned our roads into death traps for children and unwary citizens. Banditry in broad daylight on populous trunk roads is rife and is reasonably "safe" for the bandits. Every day in the year nearly twenty people are killed and 600 injured. He has naturally evolved schemes for improving the efficiency of the forces under his control, and these schemes are inevitably opposed, on the one hand by the official guardians of the public purse, who demand economy and cutting down as the first and last duty and preoccupation of the heads of departments, and on the other by agitators and sentimentalists who see the horrors of militarism in every effort to tighten the bands of discipline in the police force.

AMERICA'S DARK HOUR.—The whole world is beginning to realize how dark is the hour through which America is passing. Normally, most of the American citizen's interest in public affairs would already be concentrated on the presidential election. But these are not normal times, and the American citizen has almost forgotten his own backyard in his deep concern for a number of public matters. The chief of these are, I think:

(1) The international aspect. What is America's proper rôle in the task of re-establishing civilization on a new basis of political and economic fellowship?

(2) The domestic-economic. The balancing of her budget. The stabilizing of the dollar. The unemployment problem.

(3) The domestic-bureaucratic. The cleansing of the Augean stables of lawlessness and corruption—a problem suddenly brought to the boil of urgency by the Lindbergh kidnapping case.

(4) The domestic-social. The re-establishment of social morality in every class from the top, the tightening up of the marriage bond, the disciplining of the young, the restoration of religion as a force in social life. These and a score of other problems have grown urgent largely as a result of the Hawaian trial and its hideous searchlight on American morality.

WE SPLIT! WE SPLIT! ("THE TEMPEST").—So said the two young scientists in Lord Rutherford's Cambridge laboratory, and the news that the atom had at last and in very truth been split was conveyed by Lord Rutherford to the B.B.C. The announcer hesitated in his choice of a voice suitable for announcing an event so momentous. For some reason he rejected the voice triumphant - but - modest (used for speed records) and chose the voice funereal (for announcing the demise of an important personage). The mighty atom, in fact, has suffered dissolution. I had always believed that, when at last this dangerous experiment succeeded, there would at the best of it be a frightful bang, and at the worst that our universe would vanish in a puff of smoke. Nothing instantly happened but the spoiling of a lovely summer day by a cloudburst. But I anxiously awaited the morrow's newspapers. To my intense surprise five out of six passed the event over in silence. The dream of alchemists is accomplished and no one seemed at first even mildly interested in the fact that matter can be changed. It is fair to say that of the small proportion of so-called educated men in this country not one per cent. could comprehend the nature of the experiment, let alone the significance of its success, if it were explained to them by a skilled teacher. In the inner ring of scientists there must be a score at least who are profoundly moved by the event.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.—It was meet and right that Lord Grey's seventieth birthday should be celebrated by a luncheon among his friends and admirers, and no one is better cut out by nature and experience to play the part of host on such an occasion than Sir James Barrie. It was not surprising then that many famous faces were seen round the table, that Premiers and ex-Premiers hung on every word of the mildly humorous speeches, and that Sir James's contribution was as "whimsical" as ever. What does surprise me more and more about this famous recluse and hater of publicity in every form—for such was Sir James Barrie's label in old days—is the bad luck which attends all his efforts to escape publicity and to enjoy his informal occasions in peace, even in his own home. Lord Grey of Falloden is himself no lover of publicity. A little birthday celebration among his friends was no occasion for calling on the services of reporters, and the whimsicalities of the principal speeches did not (if the truth be told) lend themselves to cold print. It was therefore bad luck that the informal affair should receive such wide publicity, since so many modest violets were scattered round the festive board. Almost one looked at the tail end of the reports for that little illuminating tag "[Advt.]."

THE POWER OF MONEY.—I am sorry that the Government's rejection of Lady Houston's "terms" has had a bad effect on her health. Lady Houston has been a generous benefactor of many good causes, and on the whole a discriminating giver. She is right in her opinion that wealth carries obligations and that money is power. But she is a woman of strong character, and it is strange that she has allowed herself to be intoxicated by her rare advantage—the power to dispose of considerable surplus wealth which in ordinary circumstances the State would appropriate without so much as a "thank you." It is a thousand pities that Lady Houston has lost her sense of proportion and come to believe that the power she can wield is unlimited in its sphere. It is not a function of the private citizen, however rich and whether of this or any other race, to exert by means of money any form of political pressure. Even the State of Barataria, or Ruritania's little kingdom would resist to the last such humiliating dictation, and there can be few in England who consider that the Government's dignified and yet tactful handling of Lady Houston's "terms" was ill-advised. There are a thousand noble causes which cry aloud for Lady Houston's known sympathy and practical help, and there are as many opportunities before her further to enhance the respect and gratitude in which this nation holds her. But the line of political dictation is a bag's end for a private citizen—it leads nowhere. For the power of money is, thank God, still limited in this country.

sletter

AN ECHO FROM MARYLEBONE.

—A week or two back I allowed my earth-draggled wings to soar a little in the realms of poetry. A propos the Marylebone election tangle, I improved on a phrase in *Macbeth* and said something of this sort: "Not all the waters of the Marylebone Baths (changed daily during the summer months) can wash out the stigma, etc." This flight of fancy provoked a reply, not from Marylebone or the Constitutional Union or the candidates, but from Messrs. Bell Bros., of Manchester, who wrote to me in this sense:

"As we had the pleasure of supplying two ponds of the Marylebone Baths with a filtration plant designed to purify the water continuously without this daily replenishment, we feel you will accept our correction of your statement in the spirit in which it is sent."

May I say here and now unequivocally that I do so accept it, and that the spirit referred to is the spirit which makes England what she is? It is the spirit which will (I am sure) restore British commerce to its right place in the economic life of the nations, and re-establish the Briton's traditional aspect in the eyes of foreigners. I go further. I believe that if "great Neptune's ocean" had been fitted in the Middle Ages with that filtration plant, Macbeth's hands could have been washed as clean as they were before the unfortunate accident to King Duncan.

DE-NATURALIZING A NATURE RESERVE.

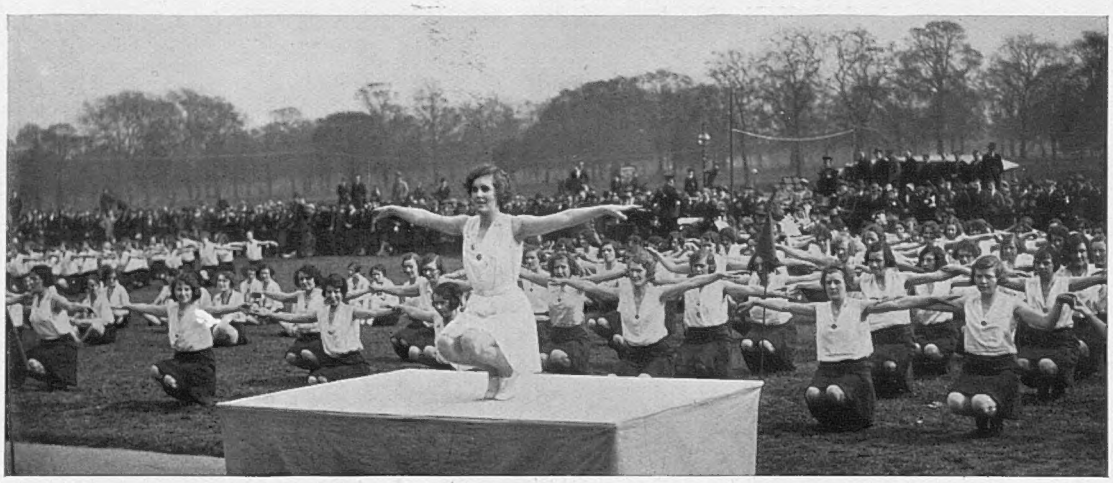
—I sympathise with the leaders of the various humane societies who do such noble work in England almost as much as I sympathize in the causes they defend. Their worst enemies are their own fanatics and cranks who by exaggeration throw ridicule on their aims. When Colonel Wiggin handed over Dunkery Beacon to the nation, he had one prime object in view—to preserve that loved spot as far as possible in the natural state which alone has won for it its place in the nation's affection. This surely was a gift horse not to be looked in the mouth. But the cranks thought otherwise. They saw in the gift an insidious attempt to check the progress of their cause. Before the gift can be accepted (they say) the stoats must agree not to hunt rabbits with methods of refined torture, the hawks to cease harrying their "feathered prey," the foxes to turn vegetarian. Or so logically it seems to me. For assuredly, if Dunkery is to remain a Nature reserve and man is to be allowed in that Eden, he is no more to be debarred from hunting over it than the stoat or the fox. Man shares the faculty to reason with the lower animals. He is held to be unique in creation in the possession of a soul, that still undefined and illusive attribute which, whatever else it does for humanity, does not liberate it from the hunting instinct. These societies have work in plenty to their hand before they seek to alter Nature. Let them war against unnecessary cruelty in man's instinctive lusts, cruelty in hunting, cruelty in the commercial exploitation of animals, cruelty in neglect, thoughtlessness and stupidity.

SAVING ON THE ROADS.—

If I complained of the lamentable state of some of our main roads, I should be accused of the blackest inconsistency. Accused, but not necessarily guilty, because in the past I have criticized the paving with gold of our country lanes and by-roads rather than of our main roads in these times of financial stringency. But I will not complain—I will merely state the fact that that lately magnificent road between Winchester and Wimborne viâ Romsey and Ringwood has become an intolerable affliction to motorists. The classic seat of the ex-Minister of Transport at Romsey is cut off from civilization since the main road through the town is a ridge and furrow ribbon of rubble impassable for motors. Perhaps Lord Mount Temple cynically rejoices at the state of England's roads under the rule of his successors; perhaps he rejoices wholeheartedly that Romsey will shortly be cut off from civilization and drop back to the sequestered charm of eighteenth-century England. Perhaps he is infuriated at the lethargy of the local authorities who are, I believe, centring their hopes on a new by-pass and letting the old road through the town go hang. The fact remains that, except for one good section, the Winchester–Wimborne road viâ Romsey rattles your bones and loosens your car's nuts, and should be at all costs avoided.

THE OLD STAGER.

THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY gave in Hyde Park a great demonstration of the methods employed in keeping fit. *On the left,* exponents are seen marching in twos with linked arms, while *on the right* a leader is seen displaying an exercise wherein the knee is gripped with the hands



FOR SLIM SHOULDERS: Miss Prunella leads an exercise, demonstrated in Hyde Park by the Women's League of Health and Beauty, for the reduction of superfluous flesh on the shoulders. The "knee bend" position is not the traditional one, for the knees are kept firmly together which renders the retention of balance more difficult. It will also be noticed that some of the protagonists are clutching their neighbours for support

EFFIGIES ON CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL: The heads of modern personalities (here tilted back to show them more clearly) have been modelled on the famous Sussex Cathedral and among them are portraits in stone of the King, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and Mr. Baldwin. In the foreground above is the head of His Majesty

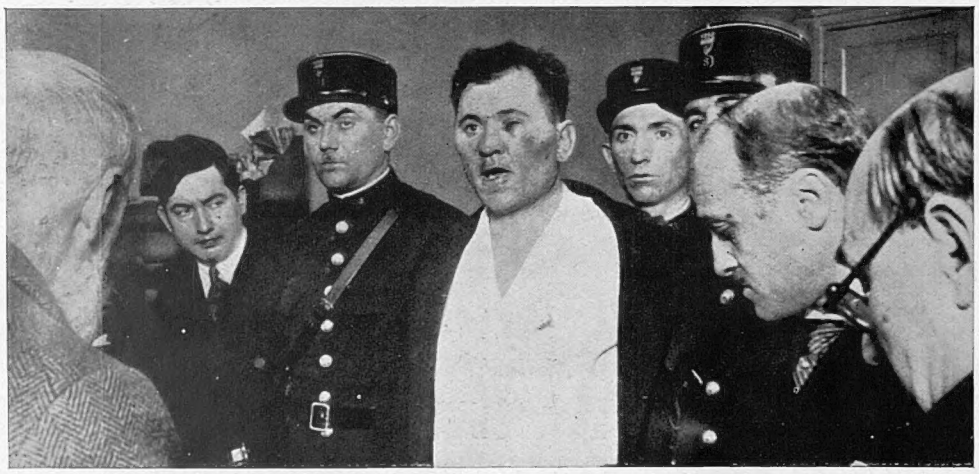
PAUL DOUMER: Pre

FAMILY GROUP: M. Doumer surrounded by some of the surviving members of his house—he gave four sons in the War. *On left* he is seen leaving the Palais de Justice—a typical study of the white-haired and benevolent President

HONOUR TO T
hall where h
dress, in mor

AFTER THE OUTRAGE: The wounded President borne from the house of M. de Rothschild in the Rue Berryer, where the sale he attended was being held, immediately after his assassination by the crazy White Russian, Gougouloff, who alleges, as his reason for murder, that he hoped by this means to make France declare war on Russia and thus shatter the Bolshevik rule

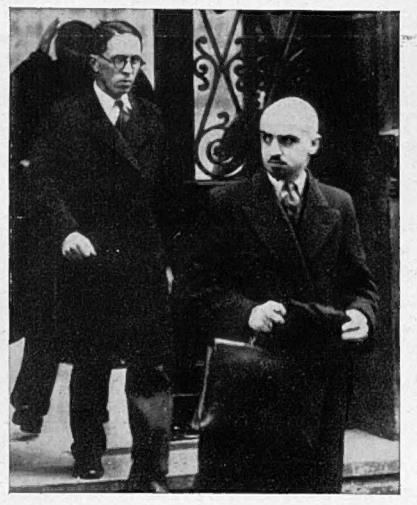
REPRESENTING THE KING: Sir Hanbury Williams, the Chargé d'Affaires in Paris—of whom it was said by the late Tsar that England must be grea to produce men like "my dear Hanbury"—arrives at the French Embass to leave a message of deep sympathy with France from the King



THE ASSASSIN: Paul Gougouloff, the White Russian, who practised (without a licence) as a doctor and spent his evenings practising revolver shooting. It is questioned whether his mania is a pose, whether he is a Bolshevik—Moscow has issued an official disclaimer—whether he is a misguided White Russian fanatic—in fact everything about him is a matter of dubiety

THE FOURTH ESTATE: Press representatives and photographers outside the locked gates of the Elysée awaiting any morsels of news

THE WIFE OF THE ASSASSIN: Mme Gougouloff, who was detained in Monaco and brought to Paris. Gougouloff was traced with another woman in Paris

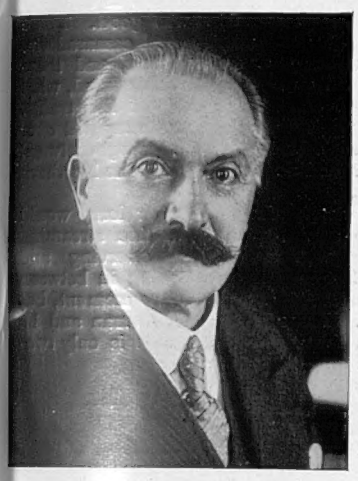


RUSSIAN SYMPATHY: M. Alexandre Kazembeg, President of the Union of Young Russians, offered his sympathy

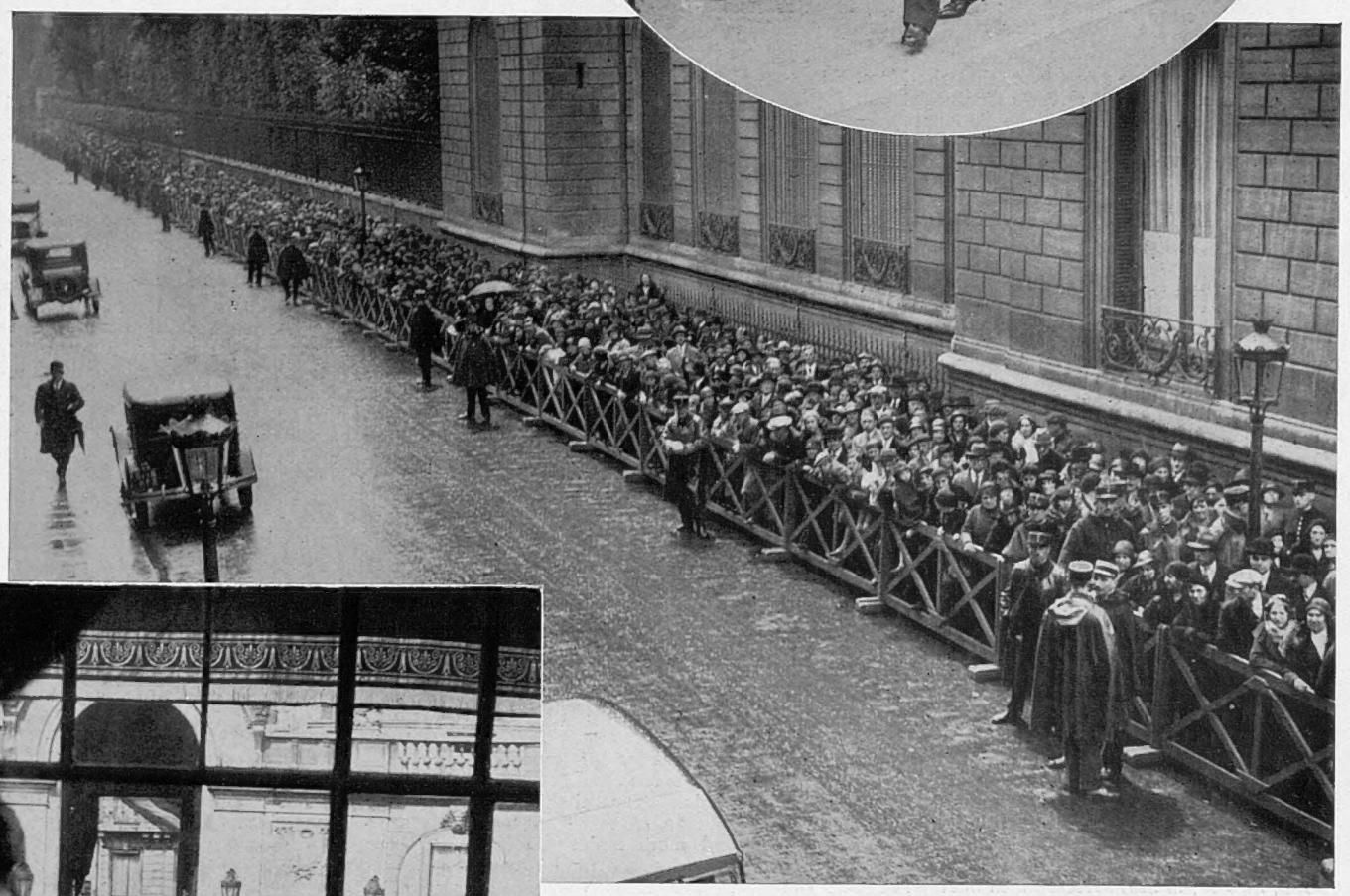
World consciousness was profoundly shocked when last week, the thirteenth President of France, M. Paul Doumer, one of the few public figures to be universally regarded with affection, was assassinated by a Russian while visiting a sale of books. The maniacal murderer, about whom many rumours run, also seriously wounded M. Claude Farrère, the distinguished novelist. M. Doumer lingered for

dent and Martyr of France

SLAIN: The crowd in the courtyard of the Elysée Palace prior to being admitted into the paid their last homage to the murdered President as he lay in the prescribed formal evening state. *On right* the late President is seen with the late M. Maginot, Minister for War, inspecting the colours of ex-Servicemen at the Arc de Triomphe on Armistice Day



THE SUCCESSOR of M. Doumer is M. Albert Lebrun, President of the Senate. He received only nominal opposition



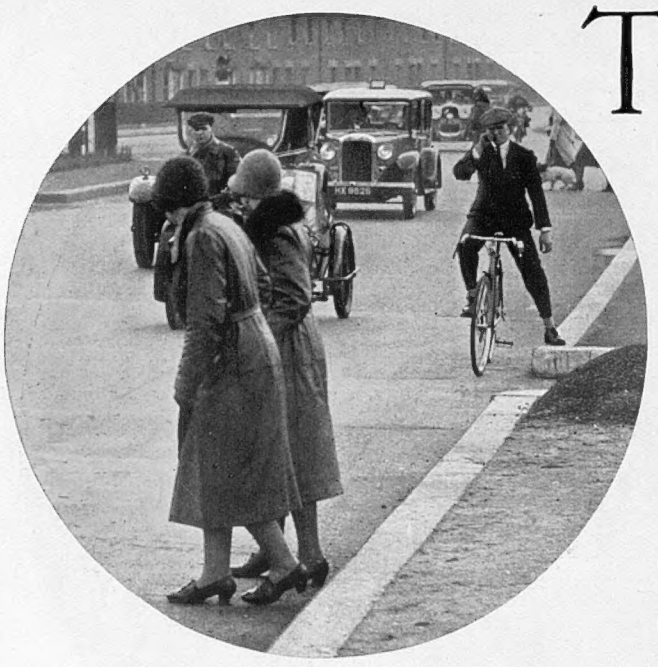
WAITING to pay their last respects to the murdered President, crowds queued up outside the Elysée. President Doumer is the hundredth notable to be assassinated in the last eighty years, who include Lincoln, Elizabeth of Austria, Alexander and Draga of Serbia, Umberto of Italy, and Archduke Ferdinand

THE QUEUE lined up to pay its last respects to the ill-fated President—one of the few political figures to be assassinated for no private or public wrong

some hours, but all efforts to save him, including blood transfusion, were in vain. Mme Doumer could not be induced to leave his bedside even under the doctors' orders. M. Doumer had already given four of his sons to France; but his own life, by a hideous futility, was also required of him. M. Lebrun was elected as his successor, receiving little opposition from the Socialist and Communist candidates. The King ordered a week of Court mourning as a mark of respect.

R.I.P.: The lying-in-state at the Elysée of President Doumer at whose feet lies a wreath from the sons of another assassinated President, Sadi Carnot. Mme Doumer refused to leave the bedside of her murdered husband

THE HOLOCAUST OF



IT IS PRACTICALLY IMPOSSIBLE TO CROSS AN ARTERIAL ROAD except at a cross-road, and even there the delay is considerable. The stream of cars is something of a constant quantity

Was it mere grim coincidence that the Home Secretary hurled his motor casualties' bomb in the House of Commons just as the National Safety First Association had begun its annual congress? Or was Sir Herbert Samuel impelled by some so far undisclosed motive? Had he already in his mind that some drastic form of action must be discussed?

Let us look at the sequence of events as it concerns this matter of the slaughter on the roads.

When the Home Secretary gave the figures for the road casualties in 1931 the House sat appalled, as well it might. During the three years of the South African War Britain lost 5,800 killed, and 22,000 wounded. Last year on the public highways she lost 6,700 killed, and 202,000 injured.

That means that eighteen people are killed every day on the roads of Britain. The position, said the Home Secretary, is "exceedingly serious." It is.

Next came Mr. Pybus, the Secretary for the Ministry for Transport, who is responsible for the administration of the Road Traffic Act, the Bill born of the Royal Commission, which in its ultimate wisdom based its findings largely on the evidence of those witnesses who, with one voice, declared that *speed as speed is not dangerous*. It was this reiterated slogan which finally secured the abolition of the speed limit for private cars.

Now Mr. Pybus was obviously deeply concerned when he spoke. Jutting out that massive and handsome jaw of his, he said that "it must stop." It certainly must.

And next we have Sir Henry Piggott, Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, who, I am told, in presenting the state of affairs to the Safety First Congress, gave even more alarming figures than those disclosed by Sir Herbert Samuel. It is certain that in discussing measures which could be taken to mitigate the shambles on the King's highway he addressed stern words to the local magistrates. They must not fail, he said, to deal severely with offenders against the Road Traffic Act if they were satisfied of the offender's guilt.

Now it is interesting to note that the Home Secretary and the Secretary and Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Transport are vice-presidents of the council of the National Safety First Association. It is still more interesting to note that the National Safety First Association still clings to the belief that *speed of itself is not dangerous*.

And now we come to a still more significant point, which is fluttering the dovecots of certain inner circles of the motoring fraternity who still subscribe to the theory that *speed as speed is not dangerous*.

Now the reasons for their perturbation are these. Immediately following Sir Herbert Samuel's announcement there was issued Scotland Yard's report on the street accidents within the Metropolitan area for the first three months of 1932. There is no necessity to go into a mass of figures, but from these statistics issued from Scotland Yard emerged four salient facts.

SAFETY FIRST: At the rate of half-a-mile a day the kerbs in the Kingston by-pass are whitened for night driving

(1) The numbers of drivers or occupants of cars killed in accidents during the first quarter of 1932 was only 20.

(2) The number of pedestrians killed by cars in the first months of 1932 was 224.

(3) Of the 224 pedestrians killed in the first quarter of 1932 and the 20 drivers and occupants of cars killed, 104 were killed in or by private motor-cars.

(4) The number of persons killed in or by trade and commercial vehicles in the first quarter of 1932 was 98, and by omnibuses and coaches 44. These vehicles, in accordance with their weights and functions are, under the Road Traffic Act, limited to speeds of 30 and 20 m.p.h.

These figures, of course, are for the Metropolitan area only. The figures given by Sir Herbert Samuel deal with the country as a whole and these showed a decrease in deaths of 614, based on statistics supplied by the Chief Constable of each district. I am told, however, that at the time the Home Secretary made his speech these figures were not complete, though it is possible that they may be issued before this appears in print.

It is the delay in their issue that has produced a deplorable though somewhat piquant situation as it affects certain bodies of motorists. What is being very quietly debated is the type of motor vehicle which will be officially shown to have occasioned the greatest number of deaths.

If it is shown that the number of deaths caused by private cars in the country as a whole has alarmingly increased, as it certainly has in London, then even the strongest advocates of the abolition of the speed limit will feel that their cause is badly shaken.

For the moment—strange are the workings of the human mind—they are comforting themselves in the hope that it will be proved that commercial vehicles—in particular motor-coaches—are responsible for the higher death rate.

Will that hope be fulfilled? If it is, then it will reveal a state of affairs quite different from that which prevails in the Metropolitan area, and it may well be that it does. Meantime, the situation is a little tense and a shade dramatic. The disciples of the gospel that *speed, as speed, is not dangerous*, remember the words of Sir Herbert Samuel and realize the determination of Mr. Pybus and Sir Henry Piggott, and they are not unconscious of the feelings of the public. They realize, though they are too astute to shout about it, that there are symptoms of a possible crusade for a return to the speed limit for private cars. Not of course a return to the old 20-mile limit. That is unthinkable. On the other hand, why should drivers of 21 years of age, men of clean records and tested ability, be limited to 30 and 20 miles an hour, whereas any lad or miss of 16 can take a powerful car out on the road and do 80 miles an hour if they wish?

If a return to some sort of speed limit is threatened (the speed is no danger) theorists will, of course, produce many arguments. That the number of casualties is not disproportionate to the increase in the number of vehicles on the roads. That their propaganda work is beginning to take effect. That motorists are becoming more and more motor-minded. That they are developing a better road sense and a better spirit. That in the mass they are more considerate than the pedestrians. That there will always be criminals and lunatics in every community, and that no one is more anxious that the criminals and lunatics of the motoring fraternity should be brought to justice than they are.

The great point at issue, of course, is how the present system—the lack of a speed limit for private vehicles—works.

Well, I know many roads, but I spent what may perhaps be called an intensive week-end on the Great West road and on the Kingston by-pass, on both of which roads there are so many crashes.

Now, this is not an article in which a personal element should be introduced, but in view of the figures which have been given and the deductions which have been made I should like to make it clear that I did not set out with any prejudice against motorists. I have lived with motorists for too many years not to realize that things have improved.

In the bad old days I saw some of those frightful races from Paris to Bordeaux in which as many as twenty people were killed. I can recall the first *Circuit des Ardennes*, and I witnessed that famous Gordon Bennett race in Ireland when Stocks crashed through the hedge and Jarrett was laid out for dead. I have gone on bursts of speed with Edge and taken a bet from that pioneer of motoring, the late Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, that he would cover thirty miles by road by night in thirty minutes; and I think he would have won had we not caught a snag by the way. I have journeyed with newspaper proprietors whose normal speed was 60 m.p.h. and 80 if they were in a hurry. During the War it was notorious that the French ran us off the roads, but I have sat beside an orderly driver who had the heels of all of them. I have crashed with a motor bicycle into the sea, and doing fifty in a sidecar, climbed a bus in the Brompton Road without taking hurt.

Yes, I have had my turn of speed—I love it still, but it is because of these things that I say that I cannot subscribe to the doctrine that speed as speed is not dangerous.

Well, I went out to see, and on the Great West road this is what I found in the great exodus of a Saturday afternoon.

Along the kerbstone pedal cyclists—girls wobbling and three fool youths riding abreast. Outside the pedal cyclists was a stream of commercial vehicles doing their allotted twenty, and doing it faithfully. Outside that was a stream of motor coaches doing their allotted thirty, as far as those which serve the shorter routes were concerned. I cannot say that of the longer distance motor coaches. Many of them were obviously going well over the limit.

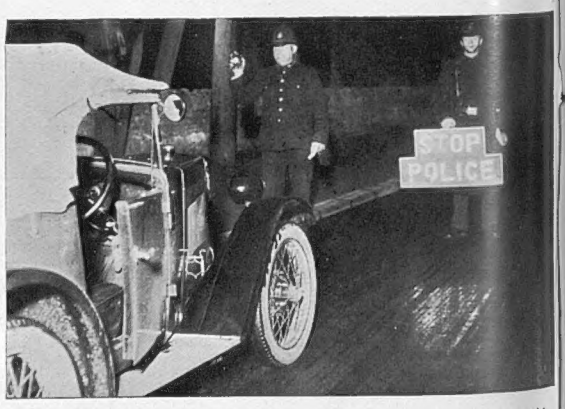
The rest of the traffic was a speeding mass of vehicles, family parties jogging along at 35–40, small sports cars and great sports cars going along at 50, 60, and in some instances, undoubtedly, 70 miles an hour—cutting in, cutting out, swerving, pulling up, and accelerating. And on the crown of the road, hooted at, honked at, and even shouted at, an elderly woman in knickerbockers, driving in a cycle car motor attachment a lady who might have been her grandmother.

But I have got to admit that while motor mindedness or road sense did not seem to exist in many of the drivers, the spirit of the road was good. There was a genuine air of good nature and camaraderie. I watched that endless stream for hours, and there were very few road hogs. On the other hand, what struck me was utter lack of any control of this traffic. So great was the press that the mass straggled over almost to the off-side kerb. Traffic going eastward was reduced to a thin line which kept to the Northern kerb.

Now and then some giant coach or lorry would come charging up against the flood tide streaming west. Then there was a hurried swerving and scrambling to the left—small cars cutting in between the big ones. I expected a crash every moment, but nothing happened. I spoke to an A.A. man and he said quite genially that "the ambulance is only two-and-a-half minutes away."

TYPE OF VEHICLE.	
MECHANICALLY PROPELLED.	
Omnibuses and Coaches	..
Tramcars and Trolley Vehicles	..
Cabs	..
Private Motor Cars	..
Motor Cycles	..
Trade and Commercial	..
Traction Engines	..

VERBUM SAPIENTI SUFFICIT: The



ANTI-THIEF: The device inaugurated by the Oxfordshire Police. A considerable tightening up of the supervision of night-motorists is, owing to the increase in banditry, now being undertaken

ACCIDENT ON A MAIN ROAD: The

THE ROADS

By W. HOLT-WHITE

From Chiswick High Street to Slough there was a rare policeman at cross-roads. Throughout the whole of that stretch I saw not one single patrolman. I do not say that they were not there, but merely that I did not see them.

Now there are several points about this Great West Road on which notes should be made. In the first place, those who planned it apparently imagined that it would always remain just a road running through fields, but of course the facilities that it offers have resulted in what are virtually cities clustering about it, and throughout its length houses are being built along it.

It is too late to do anything about it now, but if the State had acquired the land on either side of the road the rents for these houses would have filled the coffers of the Road Fund to overflowing.

Now these houses are full of people and such is the stream of traffic that at certain hours they cannot cross the road. As an experiment I myself tried ineffectually to cross the road for over five minutes. Then I gave it up and had to walk half-a-mile to an intersecting roadway before I could effect my purpose.

No wonder the toll of pedestrians is large.

On the Kingston by-pass as evening was drawing in things were much the same. Private motor cars and coaches practically made up the sum of the traffic, and there was a good spirit. Speed there was in plenty, but there was little cutting in and I cannot say I saw any really dangerous driving.

We were just on Robin Hood's Gate before I saw the first patrolman I had seen that day. He was a lone, lean figure, nonchalantly astride his stationary machine, and he appeared to be lost in boredom.

Now this is all to the good, and it may be that at long last the propaganda of the Safety First Association, the Automobile Association, and the Royal Automobile Club is taking effect. On the other hand, these daylight scenes contrast very sharply with what anyone who cares to watch and observe nightly on the Bayswater and Kensington Roads.

There on any night from 10.30 p.m. to 1 a.m. there is an almost ceaseless stream of cars racing westward at top speed. I know speed when I see it and I should say that the average speed of the cars along those roads at night is a good 50 m.p.h.

Well, anyhow, the fact remains that more people are being killed on the roads than should be, and that there are two Ministries and three bodies of immense membership and weight who are intimately concerned with the problem of putting a stop to the present state of affairs—the Ministry of Transport, the Home Office, the Automobile Association, the Royal Automobile Club, and the Safety First Association.

So I went to each of them to ask what they proposed to do.

The Ministry of Transport was a little bit nervy. It was, of course, concerned at the present state of affairs but, after all, its main purpose is to see that the Road Traffic Act functions properly. It was for the Home Office to see that the enactments were enforced. It was co-operating where it could with those bodies who were concerned with the safety of the public on the roads. It did not believe that *speed, as speed, was dangerous.*

At the Home Office they were suave and courteous if a little cautious. They, too, were deeply concerned at the number of casualties on the roads, and they were doing everything they could; but the police were a little handicapped, purely because it was difficult to bring home a case of dangerous driving. That was possibly why many local police forces so often brought the minor charge of careless driving. That was easier to prove. The whole matter of traffic regulation was constantly under revision. They were not a propaganda department, but they were only too pleased to co-operate in any way with anybody who would assist them in reducing motoring offences. As it is, motoring offences take up far too much of the police's time.

At the A.A. I found them very concerned indeed. They had done so much and were doing so much. They had centres all over the country, and hundreds of patrolmen. They co-operated with the police and with hospitals. The present figures were bad, but they believed that they would slowly mend. They were certain that all the propaganda which they and the Safety First Association were putting over was at last having effect. But pedestrians had to be educated as well as motorists. It was obvious that pedestrians were often very much in the wrong. According to the last police returns for the Metropolitan area 114 pedestrians were injured through "crossing the road without due care." But the A.A. was quite confident about the future. And they were confident too that *speed as speed was not dangerous.*

At the R.A.C. I found a similar spirit. They were grieved, but by no means depressed by the present casualties. They, too, were confident that in time all their Safety First propaganda would have its due effect. They did not believe *that speed as speed was dangerous.*

The same feeling was manifest at the Safety First Association. They entirely approved of everything that had been said by the Home Secretary, the Secretary to the Ministry of Transport, and the Assistant Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. They, too, were anxious that offenders should be brought to justice, and that magistrates should make full use of their powers, but they had a firm belief that time and propaganda would tell. They certainly did not believe that *speed as speed was dangerous.*

Last of all I looked in on the Pedestrians' Association. I found them quite sane and rather quiet. They admitted that they had lost the battle on the speed limit for private cars, but they were confident that time was on their side, and that the increasing death roll on the roads would finally convince the public that the belief that "speed as speed was not dangerous" was mere foolishness.

That completed my investigations which extended over the best part of a week, and the results of which I have presented as impartially as possible. It is not for a moment suggested that the figures so far presented constitute any real reason for the return to a drastic speed limit for private cars. On the other hand, one or two awkward facts emerge from the mass of statistics before me.

One of these documents is a summarized return furnished by His Majesty's coroners to the National Safety First Association before the speed limit for private cars was abolished. From this report one learns that out of 365 deaths resulting from motor accidents in 1929, 141 were ascribed by the coroners to "excessive speed."

Now if one consults the last returns from the Metropolitan Police one finds that deaths resulting from motor accidents are attributed to all manner of causes, such as "alighting from a vehicle," "improperly riding on vehicles," or even to "suicide."

But neither here nor elsewhere can one find that any death due to a motor accident is ascribed to "excessive speed." In fact, since the passing of the Roads Traffic Act, "excessive speed" simply does not exist.

Is this because even the police have swallowed the doctrine that *speed as speed is not dangerous?*

TO DASH OR NOT TO DASH—THAT IS THE QUESTION: Pedestrians are faced with a Hamletesque dilemma—a dilemma communicated to the motorist. These riders and pedestrians seem to be commendably patient

What can be done? Well, I should say much.

I would suggest the immediate formation of a small but determined committee consisting of representatives of the Ministry of Transport, the Home Office, the A.A., the R.A.C., the National Safety First Association, and last, but not necessarily least, the Pedestrians' Association. And this committee should sit in permanent session until it had definitely reduced the toll of the road. Eighteen deaths a day won't do.

I believe in propaganda. But I do not believe that propaganda alone will transform a speeding devil into a model motorist or a rambling pedestrian into an alert one.

I would suggest that there should be municipal and county schools of instruction in motoring and that the pupil should qualify for certain certificates before they could apply for licences and that then only probationary licences should be granted. The strictest watch should be kept on probationers before full licences were granted, and the tests for these full licences should be severe.

It seems to me most important, too, that statistics should be kept as to the proportion of accidents met with by beginners and those of lesser experience.

Arterial roads and by-pass roads should be far more energetically patrolled and controlled. Traffic, whichever way it were proceeding, should be kept steady to the other half of the roadway.

Above all, I would suggest the abandonment of the theory that *speed as speed is not dangerous.* If this theory is sound, then portions of the Road Act are illogical. If it is not dangerous for a sports car to do seventy miles an hour along a high road, why is it dangerous for a motor coach to exceed thirty miles an hour? It is absurd. Dangerous driving is a difficult charge to prove. Careless driving is apparently a venial offence. But "excessive speed" is a specific charge which it is comparatively easy to prove, and if it can be proved in certain circumstances then it should be equally easy to add the further charges of "careless driving" or "dangerous driving." But I would wage equal war on pedestrians who imperilled their own and other people's lives.

For it is not only the uneducated among pedestrians who offend. In the course of my investigations I saw a certain distinguished Minister of the Crown race down the steps of the War Office. He was pursued by a messenger who stopped him to tie up his boot-lace. Then this Cabinet Minister dived across Whitehall in front of a road coach which just missed him. Without pausing at the refuge he dived in front of a laundry van, caused a pedal-cyclist to wobble, and was nearly "nailed" by a taxicab before he reached the pavement. Then, unconcerned, he trotted on to Downing Street.

In fact it seems to me that there is too much propaganda and too little action. Meantime there are eighteen deaths a day.

WONDERING WHETHER IT NEED HAVE HAPPENED: An all too-frequent sight—and sometimes the cause is not evident to the passer-by

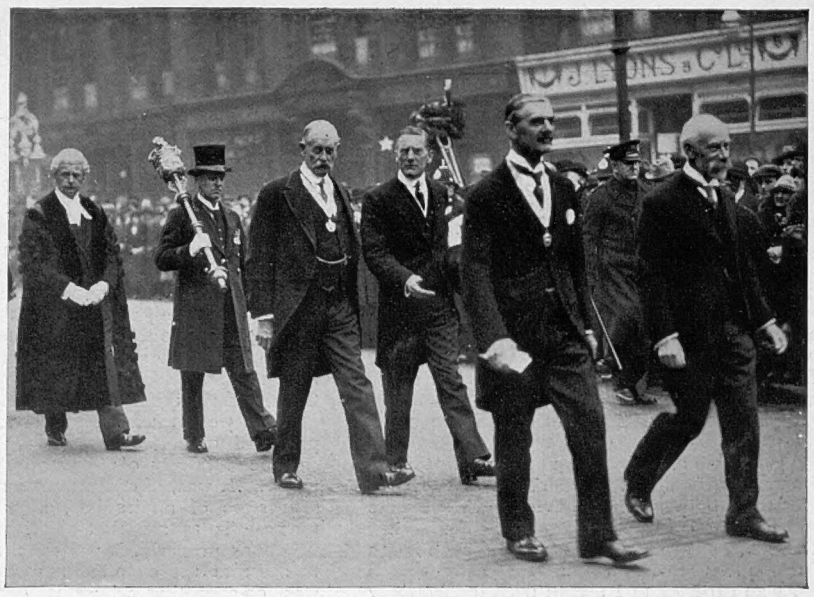
Number of Persons Killed.		Number of Persons Injured.		Number of Accidents to Persons and Property.	
	1931	1932	1931	1932	1931
	(a)	(b)	(b)	(c)	(c)
4	40	636	762	1474	1761
3	10	376	524	934	1066
1	11	365	398	1318	1510
4	87	4045	3777	11389	10502
3	21	1603	1096	2022	1376
8	108	1836	1733	7350	7075
–	–	4		21	15

of the road reprinted from police statistics

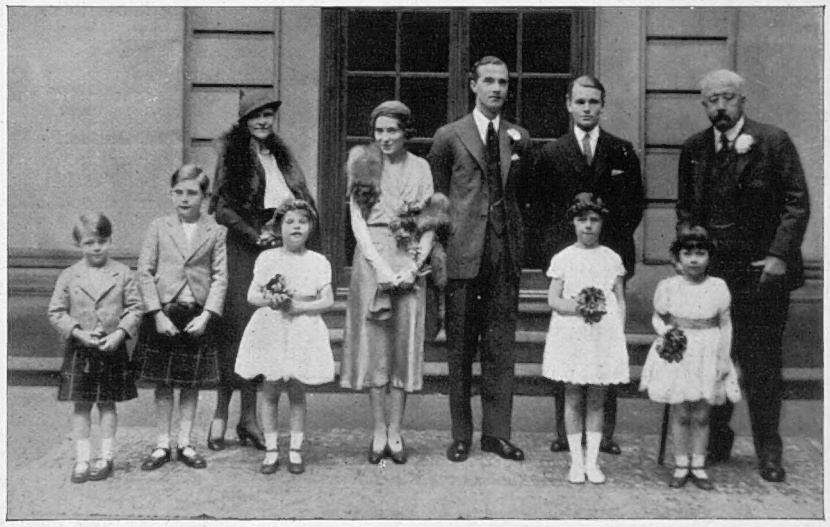
WEDGED: An unusual accident which held up traffic at the Richmond end of the Petersham road occurred when a lorry and a bus, in endeavouring to pass, became inextricably wedged

ust after a motor-coach had crashed into a tree

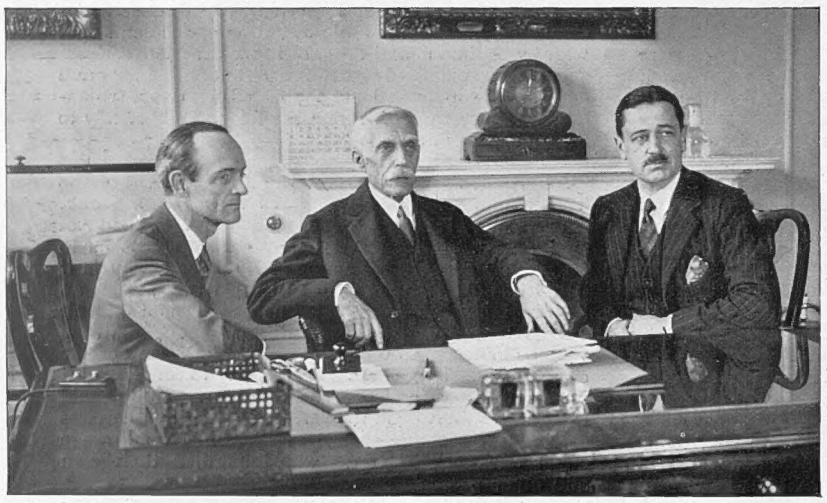
THE KING'S GRANDSON GOES TO SCHOOL: Viscount Lascelles leaves his home in Green Street with his father, Lord Harewood, to take up residence at Ludgrove School, Cockfosters, where he was entered for the summer term



A CHAMBERLAIN RECEIVES THE FREEDOM OF BIRMINGHAM: Mr. Neville Chamberlain, Chancellor of the Exchequer, was honoured by the great manufacturing city, and is seen above with his brother, Mr. Barrow Cadbury, and Alderman J. H. Lloyd



THE CAVENDISH–ASTAIRE WEDDING: In almost complete privacy, the wedding of Lord Charles Cavendish, younger son of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, and Miss Adele Astaire, the distinguished American actress of musical comedy, took place at Chatsworth, the Derbyshire residence of the house of Devonshire. *On left* some of the twenty-two press photographers who waited without the castle walls; *on right* a group showing the bride, the groom, Mr. Henry Hunloke (best man), the Duke of Devonshire *(right)*, Mrs. Astaire *(left)*, and the small bridal attendants—Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Anne Cavendish, Miss Judy Baillie, Master Peter Baillie, and Master Michael Baillie. Mr. Board, the family's official photographer, took the above group



AMERICA IN ENGLAND: Mr. Andrew Mellon with his Counsellors of Embassy, Mr. David E. Finley and Mr. Roy Atherton, at the American Embassy—the first picture of the Ambassador to be taken in the Embassy since his arrival

THE NIPPIEST NIPPY: Miss Queenie Bagnall of Manchester receives the Charles Hunter Cup from the hands of a "mystery customer" at the Dominion Theatre in the presence of the Nippy film star, Miss Betty Combes, and Miss Betty Nuthall

MERRIE ENGLAND: The ancient Devonshire custom of dancing through the streets of Torrington—a custom dating back to the sixteenth century—took place as usual this year. One of the village butchers is seen above joining in the fun still clad in his apron. These old west country dances are carried out with an extraordinary amount of vim by the participants

THE FIRST OF JUNE BALL, to be held on Derby night, held a committee meeting at Lady Dalrymple-Champney's house in London. The group includes Sir G. Cockerill, Lord A. Loftus, Lady D. Gunston, and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys. Funds are sought for the rescue of old British Army horses in Egypt—old hunters some of them—who have fallen on very distressing days

The SURVEY of the SPHERE

BOOZE AND ITS FIGHTERS: A spectacular haul was made by Federal agents in New York when £90,000 worth of liquor, ranging in type from champagne to gin, was captured on board the vessel *Maurice Tracy* and, of course, confiscated

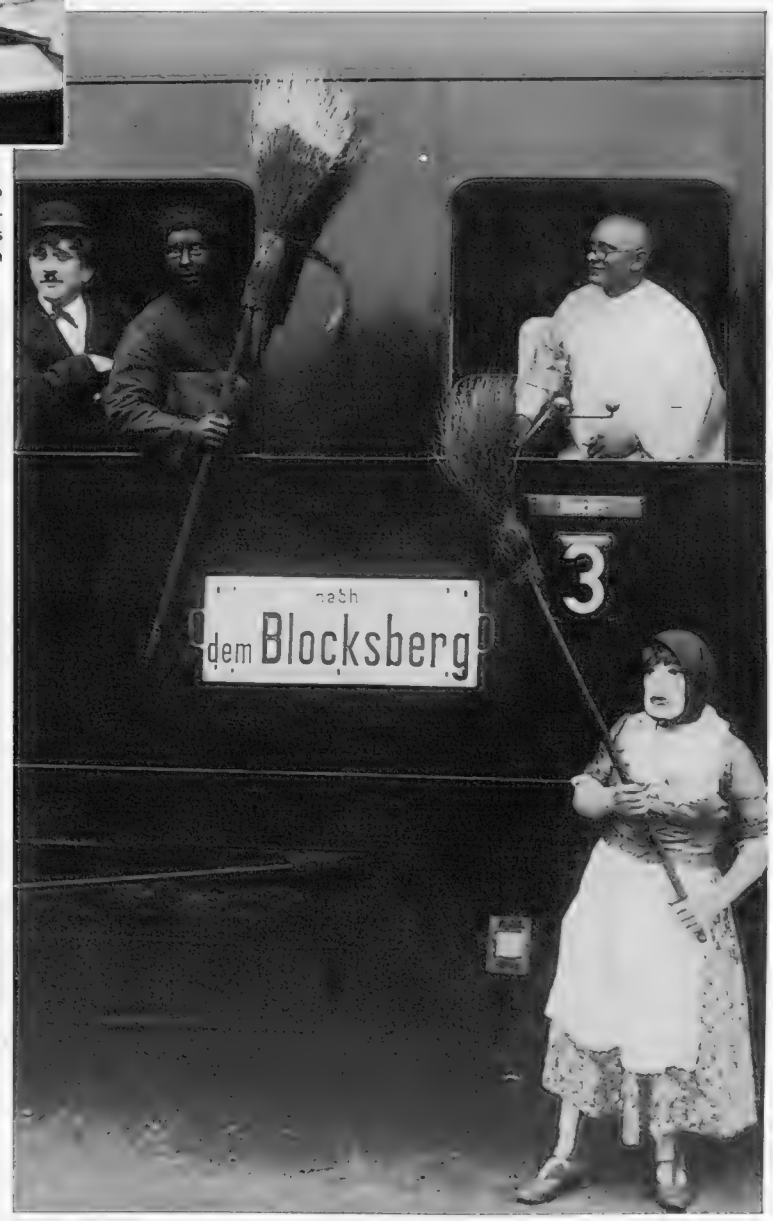
NOTABLES OF U.S. HISTORY: General Pershing with Representative Bloom sees the Washington picture in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington, at the bicentennial celebrations of the Pater Patriæ of America

BEER, BEAUTIFUL BEER: The First of May celebrations at the famous Hofbrauhaus, the most celebrated bierhalle in Munich and, probably, in all Germany. The date is as great an event in young Germany as in Socialist Britain

PAROLE AMÉRICAINE: Mr. Walter Edge, the U.S. Ambassador to France, signs the agreement whereby American firms with branches in France are saved double taxation

THE ROYAL OPENING of the eighteenth Biennial Exhibition at Venice. Signor Marainl, who arranged the Exhibition, appears behind the King

PRINCESS TERU, the eldest daughter of the House of Japan, has entered the Peeress's School

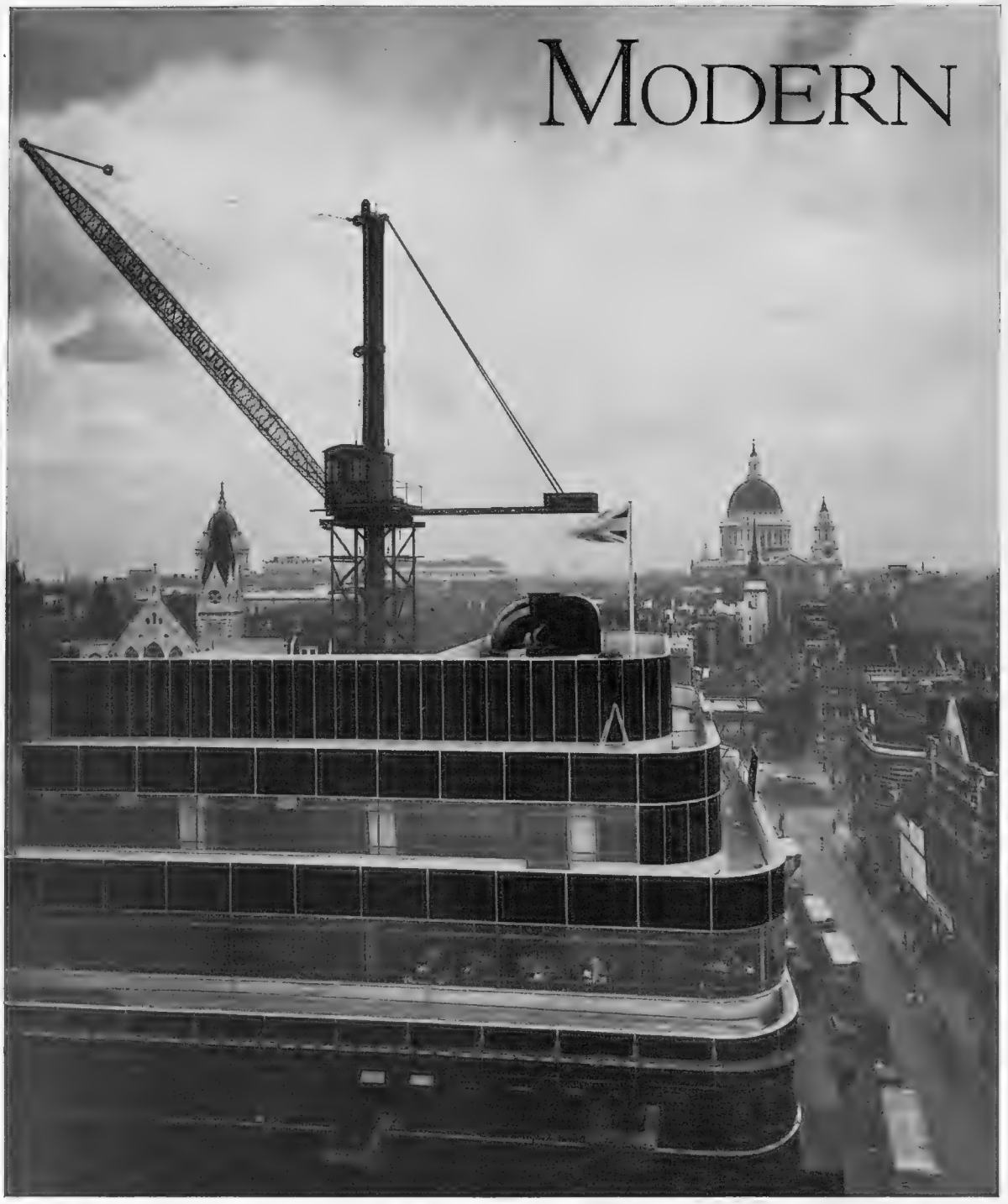


THE GHOST TRAIN! A great carnival in the Harz Mountains is traditional on May Day. The "magicians" and "ghosts" drive to Walpurgis on the Blocksburg complete with broomsticks. Fantastic costumes are *en régle*

MODERN BUILDERS

What the Workers in Wood, Stone, and Metal Make Of, and Out Of, Their Calling

By CHARLES GRAVES



"THE BATTLESHIP OF SABLE GLASS," that is the Fleet Street and Shoe Lane home of *The Daily Express*, provides at once a striking contrast to the mighty dome of Wren and an example in material and design of the modern rectilinean school

When I was five years old I was asked by a wealthy godfather what I would like to be when I grew up. I replied, "A sailor." "Why?" he asked me. Not being a bishop's grandson for nothing and remembering the hymn, I replied, "Because I want to toss on the deep blue sea." Six months later I crossed the Channel from Queenborough to Flushing and made up my mind never to go to Osborne. To-day, after a week of investigation into the building industry of this country, I wish that I had been a successful architect between 1919 and 1926. Even dance-orchestra leaders and the smartest K.C.s earned less than a successful architect then. Ask Sir Edwin Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker what they received for their services in designing the new Delhi. The answer up to last Christmas was between £90,000 and £100,000. And there are still a few titbits left. Sir Herbert Baker is the architect of the new Bank of England and, if he is paid at the standard rate of architects, which is 6 per cent. of the cost, he is getting £60,000 a year for eight years out of that one affair alone. The chances are, however, that as it is an £8,000,000 job, he agreed to a flat salary.

Then look at Sir Gilbert Scott, who designed Liverpool Cathedral. He must be getting a nice little income for each of the twenty years that it is taking to erect.

The leading architects in this country are—

Sir Edwin Lutyens,
Sir Herbert Baker,
Maurice Webb,
Sir Gilbert Scott,
J. J. Joass,

and the firms of Ashley and Newman; Campbell Jones and Smithers; Sir John Burnett, Tait, and Lorne; Yates, Cook, and Darbishire; Wimperis, Simpson, and Guthrie. There is also my elderly kinsman, Sir Reginald Blomfield.

"Well," I asked one of them, and it was not Sir Reginald, "how is the building industry to-day?" The answer was succinct. "Terrible, and it has been terrible for three years. In view of the economic depression London is saturated with new buildings. Already we have too many new blocks of flats, new theatres and new cinemas and new shops. Mind you," he went on, "London is by no means over-built naturally. She is under-built compared with her ultimate needs or with any American city. But at the present minute enough has been built until the return to normal trading. I say this with personal feeling because my firm deals largely with commercial architecture. What is more, we own a number of buildings in the West End about which we are feeling rather uncomfortable. These new tariffs are proving so effective that importers of foreign goods are closing up every day. In a single building of mine no fewer than twelve tenants have left us since Christmas.

"Of course, in a short time our own manufacturers will be feeling the benefit of Protection, and will take more and more offices for their expanding businesses. But meantime the benefits which will undoubtedly accrue from the tariffs have not yet filtered through to us." He lit a cigarette and went on: "To give you an idea of the state of the building industry at the moment, there are no fewer than five town halls in Greater London, the building of which has been temporarily suspended. Then the banks and the insurance companies, which have been so enterprising in the past, have stopped building operations also."

By this time he was in such an impenetrable gloom that he called in one of his partners and retired to his blue prints. The newcomer was not quite so depressed, although he was in his shirt sleeves. "The architect's dream," he said, "is to have a nice large factory to do. Theatres and private houses need too much detail. But wherever you go, you must be very careful about the danger of water. In London one knows all about the Tyburn and the Fleet and the Conduit, and there are three or four other streams which are pretty well charted. The strata vary all over London. After going through the loam you come to the sand and gravel, while below that is the blue London clay which in places is 400 ft. thick. That is the stuff on which to lay your foundations. The Underground Railway system is all bored through it.

"If only that Charing Cross Bridge was built," he went on, "it would automatically mean the spending of millions of pounds on buildings in the neighbourhood. In the last few years between two and three million pounds have been spent on underground and main line stations. What we want now is an improvement in the streets of London. New building always follows street improvement, obviously. Look at Great Marlborough Street and the way it ends in a bottleneck. If it could be extended farther it would mean thousands of pounds in building contracts. Curzon Street is going to be continued through the grounds of Lansdowne House until it reaches Berkeley Street. That is going to be wonderful for builders as well as for the traffic. From the point of view of hygiene and efficiency there is still room for tremendous improvements. They are nibbling at Soho. It needs entirely rebuilding. Then there is the Adelphi, which belongs to George Drummond the banker. The trouble there is the question of the foundations. Not only are they reclaimed land, they are riddled with tunnels." He, too, sighed and fell silent, until I spoke of the rebuilding of Park Lane, and asked his opinion on the controversy of reinforced concrete versus steel construction. Like everyone else whom I questioned on this subject, he seemed to prefer the latter.

"It takes much less time," he said, "and I for one am not yet satisfied that reinforced concrete is able to stand up to the vibration in a big city."

From the architect I went to a big building contractor with the added information that, whereas four years ago there was about twelve million pounds worth of building being erected in London every year, the present amount is not much more than four millions. The building contractor, whose firm has built anything from the newest buildings in Regent Street to the oldest theatres in the West End, laughed grimly. "The building industry?" he asked. "It is shot to pieces. We have probably not done two hundred thousand pounds' worth of contracts in the past three years. It is uneconomic and so we concentrate entirely on Public Works nowadays. At the present minute we have £7,000,000 worth of work in the course of completion—harbours and roads and docks, you know. Oh yes, I'll tell you all about the building business in London or anywhere else. Our firm has done housing schemes all over the country. We have built aerodromes, theatres, cinemas, camps, and all the rest of it. But there is too much throat cutting in the building trade to-day. A big firm like this will spend £10,000 a year in working out the details for tenders, and then find out that we and other reputable firms have been under-cut ludicrously.

"An unscrupulous building contractor can cheat you in so many ways. Take concrete. The stipulation may be that it should be one part of cement to every six parts of ballast. The jerry-builder may make the proportion only one in twelve. As ballast costs only 8s. a ton, while cement is 54s. a ton, the difference it makes is noticeable. With inferior timber the specification may be that it should cost £20 per 165 cubic feet. The jerry-builder may supply inferior timber that costs only £12 per this quantity. It is the same with plastering and the proportion of sirapite, which is 77s. a ton, to sand, which is 8s. There may be a specification, too, of the number of pounds of cow hair per superficial yard of wall plaster, and the jerry-builder may put in none. Inferior paints, foreign tiles, are other points over which an unscrupulous contractor can cut his costs.

"Between 1919 and 1926 our building contracts averaged about £400,000 a year. I have already told you how much we do now. We simply cannot get jobs in open competition. Don't think I'm spinning a hard luck story. Our hands are full with public contracts. We have no cause to complain. But I am just explaining why we have switched from the building trade. The cost of preparing tenders in a big firm like this is about £10,000 a year. If you secure only about 2 per cent. of them — well, there must be something wrong."

He then proceeded to explain about this all-important point. Estimates from at least thirty or forty sub-contractors must be secured, each of whom must receive typewritten details about the various items. When the tenders are invited from the dozen leading firms it is curious how similar the estimates are. He showed me the tenders for a new public building. The highest was £45,000 and the lowest was £43,000. His own firm's was £44,000. Yet the difference in the estimated length of time varied from thirty-two weeks to a whole year. In another instance the range was from £26,000 to £35,000 and he evidently felt very angry at the cut-throat price of the winning tender. His own firm had sent in an estimate of £29,000 on this occasion. That was the kind of thing, he intimated, that his firm were up against. For ninety-nine times out of a hundred the lowest tender is always accepted. "If by any chance you find you *have* got the winning tender," he went on, "the first thing you do is to find out if you have left anything out. On one occasion a certain factory with eight north-light roofs was being tendered for, and then

OF BABYLON

THE MASONIC MEMORIAL BUILDING in Great Queen Street which cost £1,000,000

the firm with the lowest tender discovered that it had forgotten to multiply by eight the cost of one of these roofs. That cost a bit of money. Sometimes, if you are not careful, you will find that the estimating department will price a contract in yards when it ought to be in feet. That is costly, too.

"To show you just how accurate one must be in pricing things, here are a couple of items in one of our recent tenders—

"Water-bound macadam :

"Labour (spreading only) 2.12d. per superficial yard.

Rolling - 1.61d. per superficial yard.

"You see that we have to go to two decimal points in pennies. Perhaps that is the best possible illustration of what the present state of tendering involves."

The other day Mr. Alfred Bossom, M.P., read a paper on economics and building at a meeting of the Architectural Association. In the course of it he revealed that we spend annually about £250,000,000 on new buildings and the maintenance of old ones throughout the country. But of this nearly half was directed and controlled by the Government or municipalities And yet the building industry has the largest unemployed roll of any skilled trade in the country. The reason he gave for this was that many architects were lazy. Other illuminating facts were that while a British bricklayer, plumber, or carpenter earned 12s. 8d. a day, an American plumber or carpenter earned £2 15s. and an American bricklayer £3 4s. a day ; that on the other side of the Atlantic buildings were erected in two-thirds of the time that they took over here ; that where we spend 40 per cent. of the total cost on labour, they spent 60 per cent. ; and that they had revised their laws and regulations to make it possible.

One of the most interesting new buildings in London is undoubtedly *The Daily Express* building in Fleet Street, which looks like a transparent battleship. Buildings like this are being made in increasing numbers, with external walls consisting almost entirely of glass in a light steel framework. A new building at Nottingham is on the same principle. The health value of this type of construction, say the experts, is unquestionable, but other factors, like heating costs, must necessarily be taken into consideration.

The Dorchester is interesting because, though it was built on the reinforced concrete method, it was erected in record time. Of the buildings which are now in the course of completion in London, one of the most intriguing is the £1,000,000 Masonic Memorial building next door to the Connaught Rooms in Great Queen Street. In all, it will have taken three years to build when it is complete.

As one cannot write on the subject of the building industry without some investigation into the men who do the building, I went and talked with Wilmot, the general foreman there. "I would like you to say, sir," he began, "that the type of man in the building trade is immensely superior to what he was in the past. He takes more trouble with his appearance when he leaves at the end of the day. And when he is on the job he takes a genuine interest in his work. It is very rare that you have to discharge a man for laziness nowadays, even though none of them is on piecework. Then they drink less. Not so long ago the men used to have enormous meat meals and then a pint or so of beer in the afternoon. To-day they eat more sparingly at mid-day and have tea and pastries later on. They cannot get beer at the canteen and they seldom bring it with them. Their hours are from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., with an hour's break for lunch."

He then told me of the various types of men employed on the building. The average member of the public could perhaps count up to seven or eight different types. In actual fact there are thirty or forty different grades, and to a man like Wilmot the trade of each of them is immediately recognizable by their appearance. I had hoped to be able to give his definitions of each. But all Wilmot could say was that he could not explain how he could distinguish a steel-erector from a bricklayer, or a lightning-conductor man from a plumber even when they were all in their ordinary clothes. But he could, that was all. "The steel-erector men have a bearing that you can't mistake," he said. "There is something about them, you know." And no wonder, when they will climb 70 ft. up a steel girder as though the rivets were the rungs of a ladder, only holding on with their arms ; or walking across steel joints 3 ft. apart at a height of 70 ft., just as if there were a solid floor there. They deserve a lot of admiration, those men, and they only get paid a penny an hour more than the navvies. The lightning-conductor men are just as specialized as the steel-erectors They, too, go round the country following their jobs. "Being something like steeplejacks they resemble monkeys more than men, they do indeed," said Wilmot.

Here are some of the grades of the 500 workmen employed on this building :

Mattock men	Glaziers (four kinds)
Concreters	Heating and ventilating engineers
Steel-erectors	Electrical equipment men
Asphalters	Gas fitters
Bricklayers	Lift engineers
Carpenters	Lightning-conductor men
Slaters	Floor layers (four kinds)
Stonemasons	Stone carvers
Plumbers	Painters
Terracotta fixers	Decorators
Plasterers	Gilders
Marble masons	Floor covering men (rubber, lino, and so on).
Wall tilers	
Iron workers	
Mosaic layers	
Steel window men	
Joiners	

I asked Wilmot whether men of each grade kept to their mates exclusively. He said "No." He said that the important point was that he, as the general foreman representing the building contractor, in this case Walter Lawrence and Son, Ltd., should be on good terms with the Clerk of the Works who acts for the architect and sees that the work is done according to schedule. "Fortunately we do," he added. Incidentally, they are both teetotallers—a sign of the times.

My final call was on another big building contractor. He told me that there are about twelve leading contractors in London each with about twelve jobs of varying sizes on hand. He explained that if a building contractor made a profit of 10 per cent. on a job, he would count himself extraordinarily lucky. If he made 5 per cent. he would feel highly satisfied.

The chief building contractors are :—

Trollope and Colls	Minter
Higgs and Hill	Mowlem
Carmichael	Walter Lawrence and Son
Holland, Hannen and Cubitt	Bovis
Holloway Bros.	

Sometimes the building owner will say to a contractor that the building he wishes erected will cost x pounds, and how much profit does the contractor want? Payment by the building owner to the contractor is made monthly on the certificates of the architect, but with 10 per cent. withheld until six months after completion, in case any defects have to be made good.

In conclusion, as architects are so inclined to alter their plans as the work proceeds, it is very seldom that time penalties, which may run up to as high as £50 a day, are ever inflicted on a building contractor.

SIR HERBERT BAKER

SIR EDWIN LUTYENS

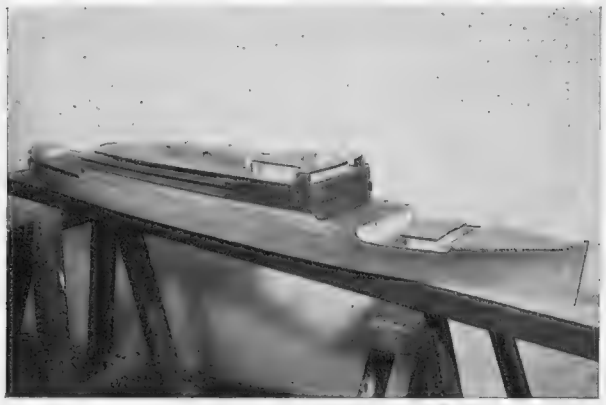
These two leading architects are responsible for the construction of the new Delhi, while the former is also the architect of the imposing new Bank of England building

SIR GILBERT SCOTT, whose *chef-d'œuvre* is the creation — a twenty year task — of Liverpool Cathedral

Russell

MR. MAURICE WEBB, the son of the late Sir Aston Webb and Vice-President of the R.I.B.A., 1927-1928

THE ENTRANCE HALL of the new *Daily Express* building, showing the ornamental plaque. This is a typical example of the use of gold, marble and stainless steel in the creation of the Big Buildings of Big Business



EMBRYONIC: The wooden hull and decks have here been completed of boards fashioned to templates from the original drawing. The storm-deck in sheet metal is also seen in position

THE FUNNELS APPEAR: The *vraisemblance* of the model is visibly and markedly increased by this accretion. Note the beautiful graining and the knotlessness of the wood employed

BUILDING A MODEL SHIP

A Craft in which England Reigns Supreme

Walking along Cockspur Street or any other thoroughfare where shipping offices do congregate, the remark is often made by those looking in the windows, "What wonderful models! I wonder how they are made, what they cost, and how long it takes to make them?" The models of to-day are almost correct to the last detail of the giant ships they represent. They are not dead but living images—they appeal to the mind as well as the eye with an irresistible force.

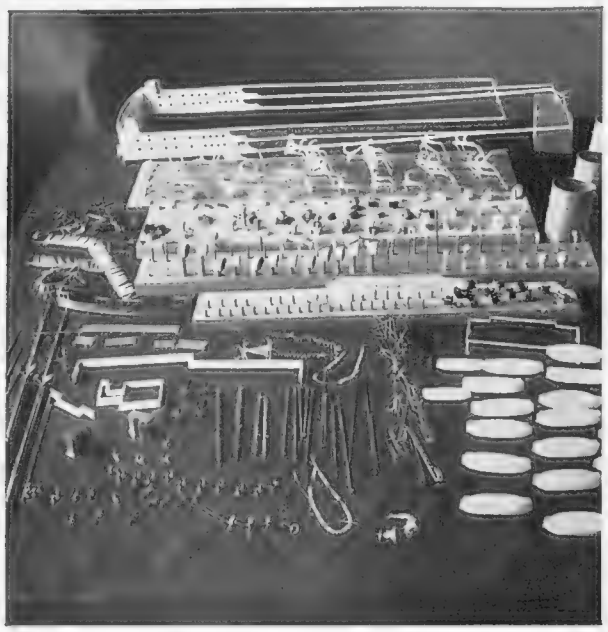
The construction of these models is a combination of science and art together with the exercise of great patience, skill, and accuracy. The individual parts must be perfectly to scale, their position on the ship must be correct; moreover, they must look exactly like the real thing.

Let us take a short journey to Northampton and there see how these models are actually put together.

The making of the models is divided into four distinct groups—wood work, metal work, painting and, finally, assembling.

For the wood work nothing but well seasoned wood, free from knots and shakes, is used. Canadian yellow pine, a wood beloved by engineer pattern makers, is one of the most used woods.

The hull, especially in the larger models, is not carved out of one solid piece of wood, but is made up from boards between 1 in. and 2 in. thick, firmly glued and screwed together. Templates are made for the hull from the original drawing, and they are used to ensure that the model should be shaped to the exact lines of the actual ship. After the hull has been fashioned the larger pieces such as funnels, the captain's bridge, saloons and so forth are fitted into position. These parts are taken to pieces again and the decks, which are made of Kauri pine, are lined out to represent planking, and the hull, deck-houses, and other portions are sent to the paint shop to be painted.



METAL WORK and some small wood parts are here seen ready for the assembling room. Life-boats, ventilators, funnels, davits, and all manner of technical accessories unknown to the layman can be discerned by the *cognoscenti*

READY FOR ASSEMBLING: The deck-houses, the hull already painted (sometimes, to obtain the requisite brilliance, it is given fifteen coats), and the decks lined out to give the impression of planking all stand ready

Now we go into the metal shop where deft fingers shape out the hundreds of small metal parts that go to complete a model. In the metal-workers' shop are numerous lathes, drilling machines, milling and shaping machines, and several of a special nature that are used in the construction of ventilators, fans, bollards, booms, side lights, stanchions, capstans, davits, and numberless other small metal parts that make the finished model look so workmanlike. The masts, too, in the smaller ships are nearly always made of metal. These parts, when finished accurately to the drawings and photographs available, are sent to the paint shop to be finished in their correct colours.

Now comes the most important and the most interesting part of the work, for it is in the assembling shop that the thousand and one small parts that have been separately and specially made are put together in their proper order and position.

In this shop only the most highly skilled and experienced ship modellers are employed. Many of them have served their time afloat and know all about ships and the sea; others have been riggers and spent years in the rigging of ships of all kinds.

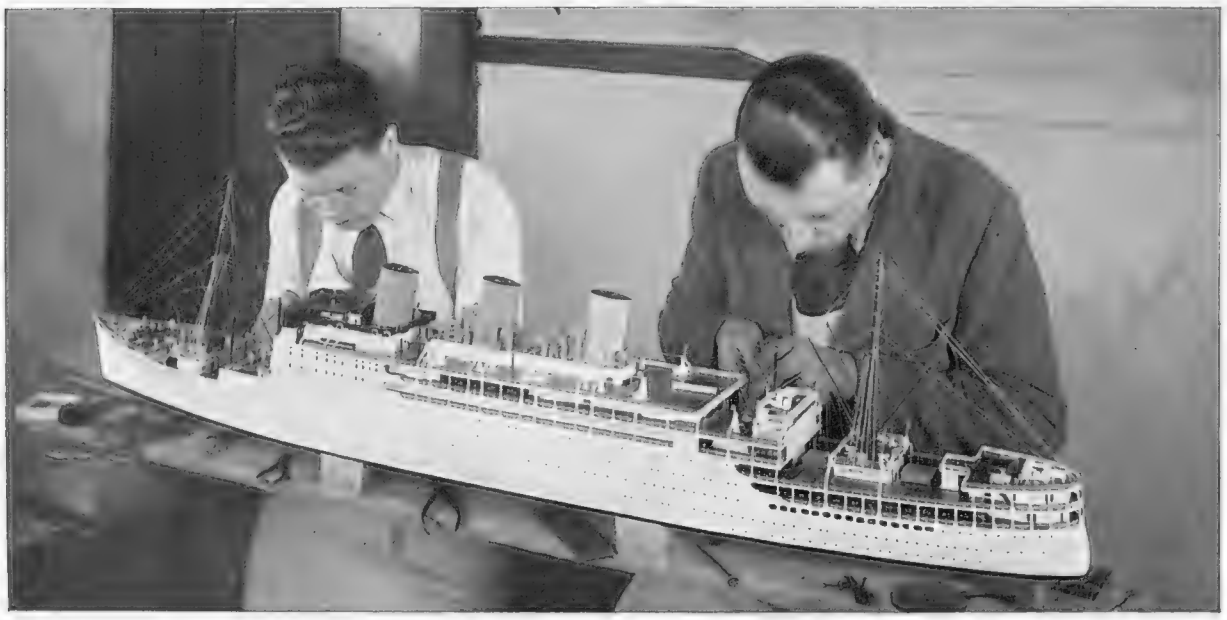
How the workmen arrange to do it all so neatly and accurately is a marvel of craftsmanship and skill that never fails to evoke pæans of praise from those who know something of the task or see it in progress.

Others no less skilled in their particular branches of the art can be seen at work fastening down miniature winches and capstans.

The assembling of such a model takes from a week to twelve days. Woe betide the foreman of any of the shops if he has forgotten to make a certain part, because this means delaying the model until this piece has been specially constructed. This seldom happens, however.

Lastly comes inspection day, when the naval architect or publicity manager comes to inspect the complete work, to examine each deck and each fitting in order to see that nothing has been omitted and that everything is correct in shape and size and in its right position.

W. J. B. L.



NEARING COMPLETION: Expert craftsmen, whose deftness is matched only by their patience, putting the finishing touches to one of the models in the creation of which Britain in general and Northampton in particular are pre-eminent. The model is accurate to scale to the fraction of an inch and is lacking in no superficial particular from the ship it represents

THE FINISHED MODEL: The stern-on and bow-on views of one of the exquisite models that arrest the attention and the admiration of those who pass by shipping company offices. These two aspects show the model of the P. and O. turbine electric liner, *Strathnaver*. This is a "waterline" model, not one showing the ship as in dry dock

HARMLESS: The rigid cramp-like attitude of the grass-snake assumed when frightened. A grass-snake has yellow markings behind the ears. It is more slender than the adder and narrower behind the ears

VIPER BERUS: This view shows a serpentine courtship after sloughing. The male menaces the coy female and glides over her back, licking her with his forked tongue, while the tails of the pair lash about like cracked whips

A SNAKE NAIANT: It is not only on the dry heath moors that adders will be found, though the venomous variety objects to damp places. It is more likely that they are to be seen in sere undergrowth away from water, but they are not entirely absent from pond and river bank. They can, will, and do swim streams if occasion demands. An adder swimming, its undulating body driving through the water, is a wonderful, but very rare sight

FOES TO THE DEATH: The adder has few enemies other than man, but one of these is the hedgehog. When attacked, the adder does not attempt to fly but coils and attacks the adversary, endeavouring to find a sensitive spot below the spiny armour, especially the unprotected head. In this it has little luck, but goes on striking until its head is a bleeding mass. Methodically the hedgehog sets to work and, getting the slender body in its jaws, severs it with one snap

PERIL ON THE MOORS

The late Spring has delayed the awakening of the adder and grass snakes of this country, but now as the days lengthen hunger is bringing them out, and lizards, young birds, rats and mice are falling prey to their ravenous appetites.

As the old adders require a great deal of sun before they can slough their old skins, it is April or early May before they will be seen in their fresh war paint. After sufficient sunbaths the healthy adult snake will cast its skin in a few minutes after loosening it by chafing at the jaws. The males reveal a magnificent colouring in their new dress, the finest having a silvery white ground colour with a light stroke of sea green, or bluish, with deep black back stripes, and caught in the right light this colouring glitters like flashing steel. There is no question of protective colouring here, though the females, on the contrary, are camouflaged to some extent with their dusty earth shades.

At the end of April the males seek their brides, and there is tremendous excitement and brawls. Meanwhile in these early days the adders demonstrate their enormous appetites. It is extraordinary what they will devour. A careful observer has watched them rapidly dispose of frogs, toads, lizards, moles, mice, rats, and birds. Everything is welcome. Even animals that have been several days dead are eaten. They will fight for their prey, and the quickest gulps down the lot.

The attack on living prey is made with terrible fury. The 30-in. long body of the adder lies "S" formed as it stalks a young rat. The eyes sparkle like gold-set pearls and with every movement of the rat the snake's head sways gently till the right situation is attained for the strike. Then with unbelievable speed the adder hurtles two-thirds of its own length and with stiffly-erected fangs bites the rat deep in the flank. The shrinking movement of the rat brings about a second pressure on the poison fangs and influences the injection of the poison. And then the adder withdraws a little—waiting for the poor rat to die. The attacker follows and, covering the body of its prey with saliva, swallows it whole, head first.

Apart from man the adder has one other dangerous enemy—the hedgehog, a grim fellow who proceeds to the killing with great deliberateness. Whenever the hedgehog discovers an adder he attacks at once. A strike by the adder only increases the killing lust of the prickly beast. He seizes any part of the slender body of his adversary, and seeks to bite through the vertebrae, while the desperate adder strikes unavailingly at the prickly armour till its head is a mass of punctures. The furious fight may last ten minutes or more before the hedgehog vanquishes his natural enemy, who perhaps has been lucky enough to get in one or two nasty blows biting the unprotected head of the hedgehog. The latter worries very little about the poison pumped into his system, but next day he will not feel lively enough to engage in a similar duel to death.

With the first definite night frost in October the whole adder race goes to earth, two to three feet deep in turf holes and under the roots of trees to settle down for the winter sleep. Any number up to thirty may be huddled together in one place for this sleep; it can be taken for granted that where one adder is there will be a number. Old males, females, and the young lie together coiled up in knots in their dampish winter cave.

Of the two kinds of snakes found in Great Britain the venomous adder can easily be distinguished from the harmless grass or ringed snake; the former is usually fatter and has zig-zag markings down his back, while he is wider behind the ears. The grass-snake on the other hand has always yellow markings behind the ears. Left alone the adder will not attack anything but its usual prey, but if disturbed, trodden on, or handled, it will bite in fear or fury. And the results are unpleasant, though not dangerous except to persons who are in ill-health or delicate.

K. S.

THE AMAZING

The Astonishing Poli

THE INVALID: Madame Hanau, of whose accident the caustic quip was made: "Invalided but not invalidated." This dynamic woman has let neither her physical disability nor her enforced sequestration (in gaol) diminish her various activities

Not a morsel of doubt as to who is the most remarkable woman of contemporary France. Marthe Hanau. At present lying with a broken femoral in a cot in pistole I bis, St. Lazare Prison, by the Gare du Nord, Paris.

"I thought they'd pulled it down," said Madame Hanau, riding thither in a police car.

"They kept it up for you." The accompanying inspector was humorous.

Actually, St. Lazare has been condemned as uninhabitable, but La Présidente, as all France knows its audacious heroine (for such she now has widely become) will not be too badly off, for she has won the affection of Sister Léonide, the famous old nun with the Legion of Honour, and to whom Mata Hari blew a last kiss (no waving of a white glove at the chasseurs, a kiss for Léonide).

A pistole is a white and airy little cell for two, usually kept for remand prisoners of bourgeois status who are also good clients of the canteen. Madame Hanau is a noted trencher-woman. She can hunger-strike—has done, for nineteen days. But how she can eat, too! Her first meal this time was choucroute garnie, chop and vegetables, camembert, butter, bread, bananas, milk, and mineral water. And then she was helped from her crutches to bed, and Sister Léonide sat beside the cot and thanked her latest prisoner so much for having given her such excellent Bourse tips since last she was "in." The money had gone, of course, as understood, to Sister Léonide's poor. Sister Léonide knows women — thirty years of bad ones, mostly. She won't hear a word against Marthe Hanau. "She may be divorced, rich, a Jewess. I am told she is vicious and a thief. I continue to know her."

It would be an insult to Marthe Hanau to think of her in the same thought as Madame Humbert, who had a safe in which were supposed to be millions and, on the strength of which, a host of people well deserving it were vulgarly duped.

Marthe Hanau is perhaps France's most brilliant homme d'affaire. And she is a man. Talks like it, acts like it. "The Napoleoness of Finance" is one of many designations she has earned. Enemies call her "la mère Hanau." France is becoming divided into two camps about Marthe Hanau. Nothing like Dreyfus, as yet, at all events, but one is either for or against. Either Madame Hanau is a welcome vacuum cleaner in admittedly crooked ways in high finance and politics, or she is a Germano-Soviet agent undermining l'épargne, a blackmailer to boot, and all the time feathering her own nest for excess living. One thing all are agreed upon: not under the Third Republic has such a dominating feminine brain appeared. One thinks of Georges Sand as the last in this style.

THE HOSTESS: Madame Hanau at the door of her villa at Neuilly. Much of her entertaining was done in the great hotels, cabarets, and night clubs

THE FINANCIER: Madame Hanau at her desk at the headquarters of her politico-financial paper, *La Gazette du Franc*, which gave marvellous tips, and shed light into many dark places

Marthe Hanau (her maiden name) was born forty-five years ago at Lille of "little tradespeople" parentage. Twenty-five years ago she was peddling baby linen chiefly up at Montmartre. Dark and not unattractive then, she has now grown stout but is turned out very chic and wavey. She can sit at the big table at Deauville with the best of them, and has done, lost 300,000 francs at a sitting (publicity—good for business). Marthe's ascent commenced when she met a soul-mate, Lazare Bloch, whom she married. If their means had only equalled their enterprise the two must have made good very quickly. They tried thing after thing, until at last in 1912 came luck in a perfume shop, whose success was only terminated by a bad motoring accident to the directress.

Then war. The good companions, attuning themselves duly to this, soon were putting a "soldier's comforter" on the market, which began going like hot cakes, for it was a mixture of rum and coffee sold in little metal tubes. Perhaps it interfered with business in other directions; at all events, the Blochs in a short while found themselves being prosecuted for selling dud stuff to the poilus — heinous offence. Followed a bad spell over years, culminating in Madame Bloch going back to a soap shop, and this brought her a client in 1923 who changed everything. Madame Joseph was rich, charming, and mysterious. She fell under the Hanau spell, and eventually put up sufficient money to enable the dominant woman to launch a dream long nursed: a newspaper, eminently distinguished, behind which should stand a bank. We enter the drama.

Raymond Poincaré wrote for that paper. Everybody wrote for it who was asked to. Only too glad to. Not only was payment munificent. The production was on a high European plane. International happenings were its forte. *La Gazette du Franc*. Editor, Lazare Bloch. He must be mentioned hereabouts, by the way. A fine figure of a man, utterly devoted to his wife, subjugated, one might say he allowed himself to be divorced. "Better have you as a companion I can absolutely rely on," said Marthe Hanau (as she has now re-become). Lazare Bloch, ex-husband, continues to be absolutely devoted to La Présidente whom he has never left. While she is in prison he is deputizing for her. Christina of Sweden touch?

While the able and astute ex-husband edited journalistically, Madame Hanau progressively turned half the paper into a bulletin, ever more pertinent and direct, of international finance and the stock exchange; and then blossomed forth plan number two, the bank, and within a few weeks the commanding Marthe was playing with millions of francs entrusted to her by a believing public which has never since deserted her, in

MADAME HANAU

Career of "Madame la Présidente"—Financier, Editor, an, Genius—and Convicted "Criminal"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE EDITOR: Madame Hanau considers the make-up of a page of her new journal, *Forces*, which bids fair to rival in pungency and power her publication, *La Gazette du Franc*

or out of gaol. It is customary to call this public gogos (American, suckers, English, mugs); it is also customary to say that, benefiting largely by la Présidente's acumen, many gogos should also be where Madame now is. Gogos who lost are, it may be mentioned, among Madame's fiercest denunciators.

The *Gazette* in its opening years (1925-28) went from success to success. A well made-up weekly, its true Bourse purpose would be cleverly camouflaged behind an eclectically signed sociological screen which included the most prominent names in France and many outside of it. Madame Hanau met her contributors socially, cabinet ministers and dukes, and a clever move was to put up in the vestibule of the newspaper-office-bank, in the rue de Provence, a composite photograph of all the great who had written, plus their autographs. That brought business from the bourgeois public, more sums entrusted, more money with which Madame could play the stock market.

At this time, zenith, Marthe Hanau led a remarkable life. She completely ran the show, as a one-man affair. There was (and remains) only one voice where Marthe Hanau is. All in her vicinity are only too eager to obey the precise orderings. Gifted with a prodigious memory, a trait only excelled by her unique intuition in reading high finance ahead of others, la Présidente opened up 400 branches of the *Gazette* round France and not one carried on without her directing hand. From the rue de Provence she wrote incisively, convincingly, for the distant peasant or little rentier, telling how shares were likely to go, advising this and that, and so successfully much of the time that in would come money from peasant and little rentier to her own bank the operations of which no one but Marthe Hanau has ever fully known.

Herself could work eighteen hours a day, smoking cigarettes out of a long holder interminably. There she sat, in a glass room on high, above her bank, and from which she could keep her eye on everything going on and upon a goodly number of her 250 enthusiastic employees. These literally worshipped her, and still do. For Madame is seemingly the soul of generosity and what we should call a good sport. One thing, she apparently helps people, all the time, who need it.

When, a week before her present arrest, she returned to work after being laid up nine months from another motoring accident, her employees approached with flowers and some sobbed their rejoicing.

Said Madame bluntly, "Thanks. And now to work, mes enfants!"

The remarkable side of Madame's life intervenes if you consider her nights. All day long she would brilliantly range Europe, writing of Royal Dutch and Kreuger, of Danube finances and Snia Viscosa, of this loan and that conversion; all day long she would delve deeply into the Bourse in search of tips for her clientèle or for herself; all day long she would intimately conduct the affairs of her many companies which she ran under the style of *Exploitations Foncières* and which included the Riviera estate of St. Aygulf and a golf course near Paris, and she edited, too, her very own *Interpresse*, a financial supplement which many Paris dailies took; and then at night where would you find her? Having a high old time up in the boîtes and dancings of Montmartre, as I more than once saw her. And how the personnel would bow and scrape when la Présidente imposed her presence, usually with the attractive Madame Joseph following up.

Extra dry, saxophones, sometimes supporting the bar, eternal cigarette going. Most brainless of interludes. Yet it relaxed and always at nine next morning Madame would be intricately on the job again in the rue de Provence, most difficult of all jobs, keeping touch with post-War share gambling. Very few can work hard and play hard. Real work. And hard play. This Jewess of the masses, this unaccountable accident of birth, had the faculty. She even found time for less hectic loves, tennis, golf, motoring, and for classical music. When in St. Lazare, her maid rents a room opposite and plays Beethoven and Wagner out of the window. It has begun again now.

I have been tracing things as they were at zenith. When Marthe Hanau gave famous soirées, when her wit and sangfroid, sense of decision and command, enriched the chronicles of the town. Une femme, quand même! Et comment! But you must know that this amazing Madame, Foch-like, only knew attack. *Attaquez, attaquez!* That was her element. Gaining momentum, she dared to assail the great and dug-in. She didn't give a hoot who they were—the Governor of the Bank of France—poof—what did that matter? The Minister of Justice? Again — poof. Marthe Hanau attacked. She went after banks and combines like old Harry. She usually was a bear on 'change. Her advice to her clients was seldom bullish, if more so early on than recently when it frankly became entirely bearish.

Marthe Hanau also attacked in her paper. In other words, she progressively piled up enemies in important quarters. She was also radically interfering with the uncrowned kings, the manipulators of stocks and shares; la haute finance grew, in fact, increasingly narky at seeing so many of their secrets given away, "vulgarized," by this low interloper, this Jewess who had hoodwinked the poilus, monstrous crime in the eyes of these high financiers, these cannon-makers, these men who ran for Bordeaux like greased lightning when the poilus were standing on the Marne.

You should also picture the very venal setting of all I am relating. Paris has never known more venal days than 1926 when the franc was "saved," largely by re-importation, once the Left had cleared out. Paris has lived dizzily on 'change ever since, or until this present slump-sans-fin. Money passed from hand to hand in constant palm-greasing and worse. We know what happened even to a Minister of Justice. And the prominent *suspected* ones would fill a page and provoke disbelief. The French people, though, talk about it all quite freely.

Well—Marthe Hanau got thoroughly mixed up in this venal setting. It suited her book. And here a precious parenthesis. She paid 60,000 francs silence money to one Georges Anquetil, now in prison. At his trial, Anquetil, an editor of one of those blackmailing boulevard joysheets, pronounced: "There is no sense of honour left to-day. People don't mind what you say any longer about their moral behaviour. The only way to get them now is to get at their finances."

Marthe Hanau, at the end of 1928, had piled up a mint of trouble for herself. But what really started things prisonwards was the suspicion aroused by the amazing dividends she paid, not infrequently showing 40 or 50 per cent. profit, and the high rates of interest she offered, usually in the vicinity of 8 and 9 per cent. Others couldn't compete with that kind of thing. *La Gazette du Franc* came before the Cabinet. Ministers showed a curious reluctance to proceed.

"You tell me no one carries plaint," said Monsieur Poincaré, Prime Minister. "Then I do!"

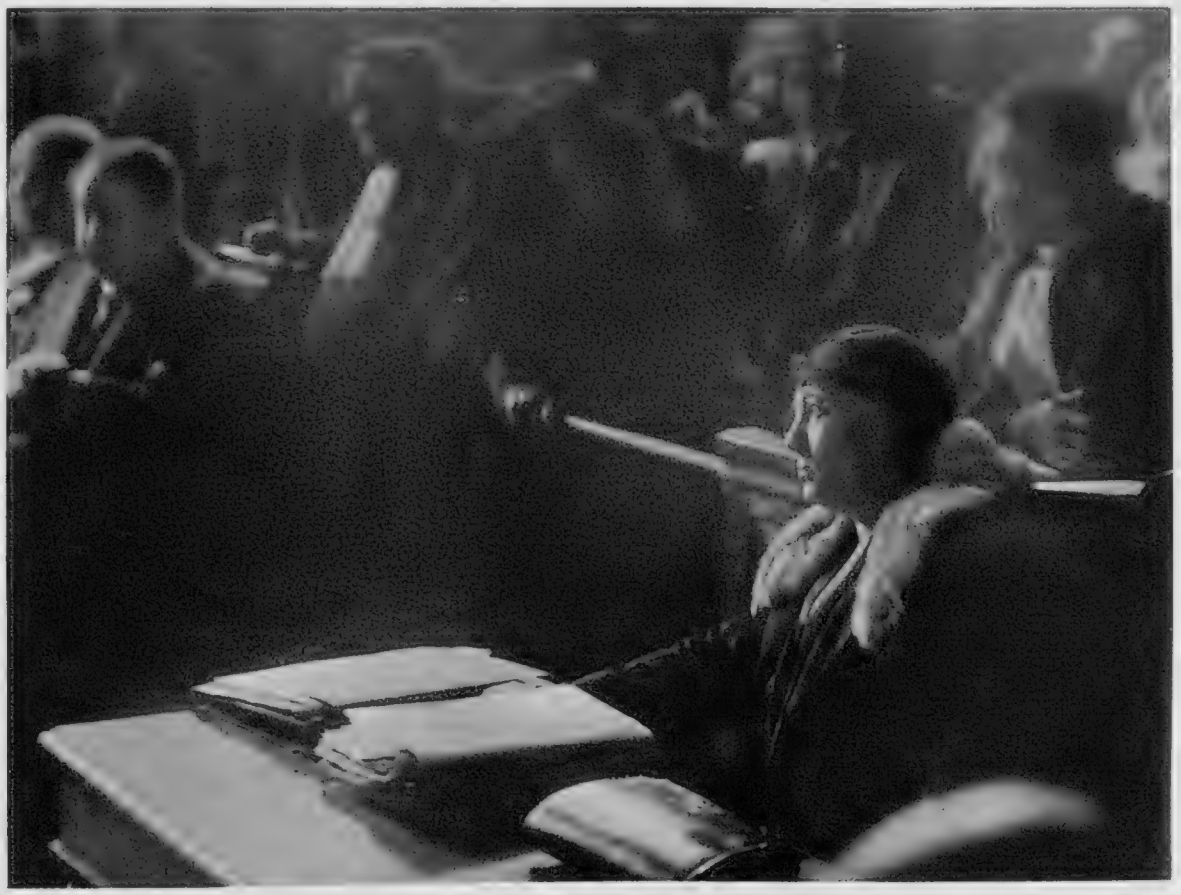
And Marthe and most of her aides were arrested. All round France her offices were closed down. There were suicides. 300,000,000 francs were spoken of as lost, spirited away by this villainess, the épargne of the poor and toiling, mostly. Those were bad days for la Présidente. It was said she had mounted a colossal fraud and was planning a bigger; that she was a blackmailer; and as for the tale of her private living. . . .

The scandal of *La Gazette* dates from December, 1928, and it still goes on, having merged into the present case of the successor paper, *Forces*. In prison Madame Hanau continued to conduct her business, as she is again doing now. It is not known how she maintains connection with the outside world. She always insisted that her affairs were solvent and, in effect, paid everybody 100 per cent. back. Her 5,000 most-involved clients, after a famous meeting, voted their full confidence in La Présidente and she bore the test. There was an impression that she was being victimized by a justice no better than it ought to be; this justice refused and refused what Madame Hanau most wanted—a counter-expertism into her affairs.

Because this was not given her she went on a hunger strike and had to be removed to the Cochin hospital whence she escaped by means of two sheets tied together. On escaping, she returned direct to St. Lazare Prison of her own volition. Then, after many months, she was released and the case of the *Gazette* still drags on. It recommences in June. Directly she came out of gaol, la Présidente set about launching her present paper, *Forces*. She also intended publishing a new weekly, presently, with the eloquent title of *Fouet*. And she was just entering on final negotiations to start a *Banque des Nations* when arrested the other day.

Her future is a problem. It is said Monsieur Tardieu had her arrested, at the instance of the Finance Minister, Flandin, and mainly as an electoral manœuvre.

(*Continued on p.* 284)

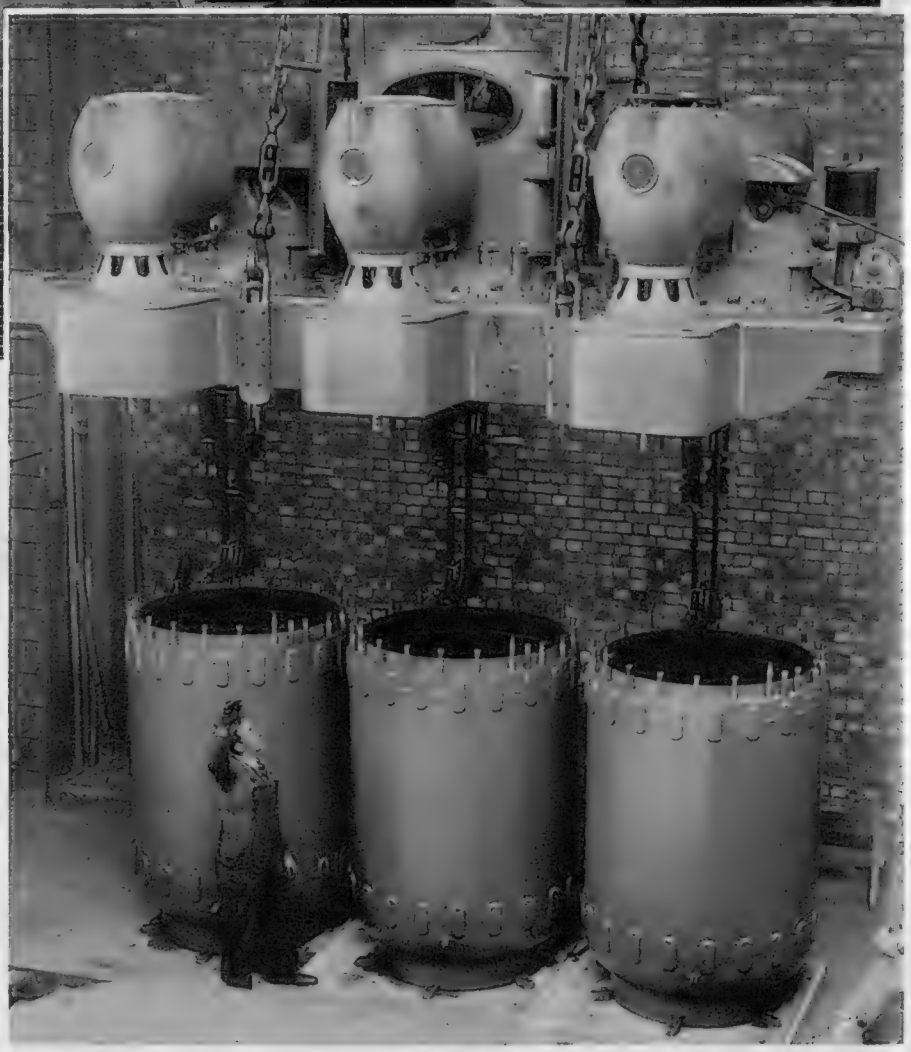


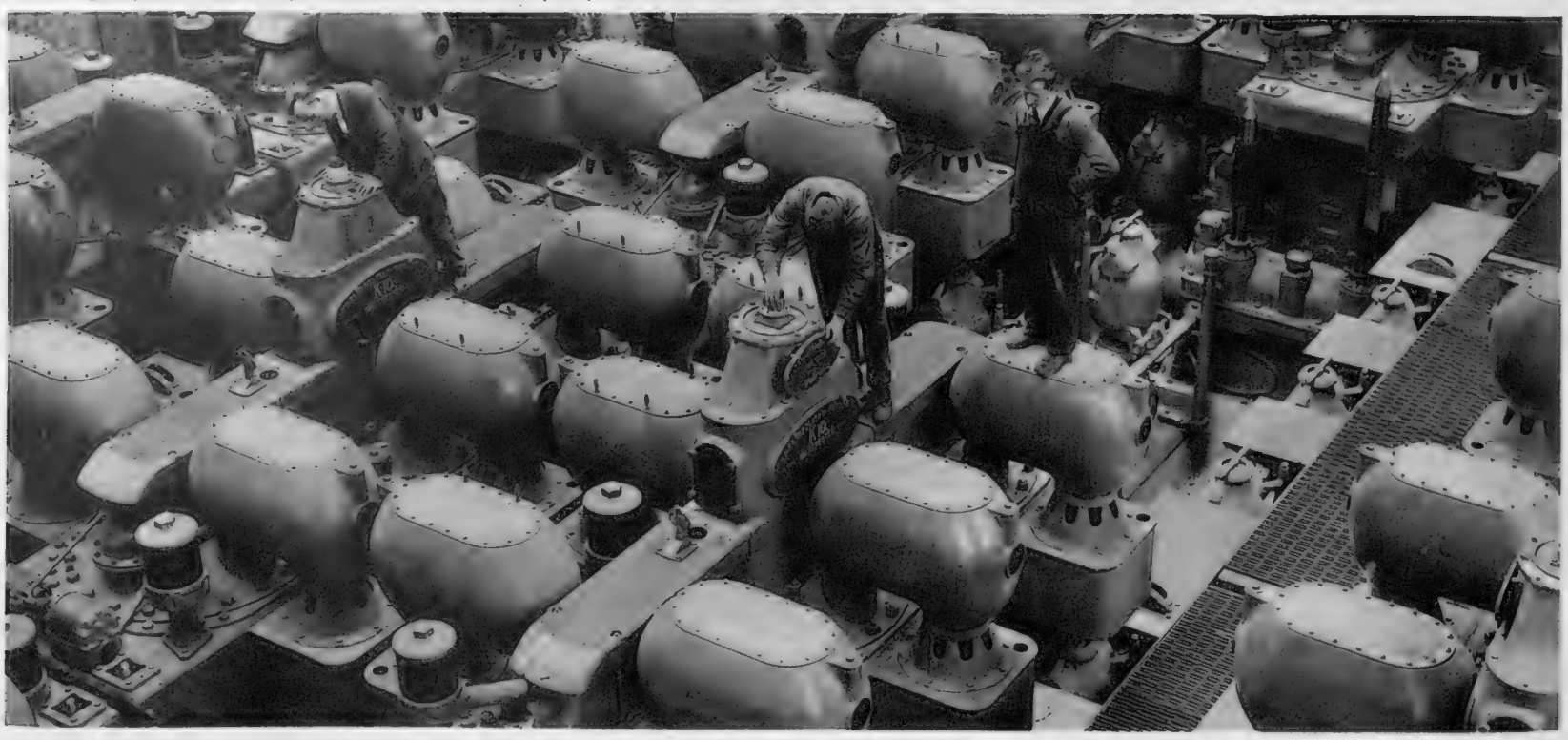
THE "CRIMINAL": Madame Hanau in the dock. It is by no means an accepted fact that this dominant woman alike of the politico-financial and the midnight worlds was the swindling embezzler she was accounted

BATTERSEA'S ELECTRICAL MONSTER

ON THE OIL CIRCUIT-BREAKER FLOOR: A portion of the gangway. The switch gear is electrically operated from the Control Room. *On right*—A 66,000 volt circuit-breaker being raised by the crane to show the moving contacts. The tanks below are filled with oil. The Battersea Power Station, when it is completed, will feed into the National Grid

A MASS OF GIRDERS being erected. They will eventually be conveyors for coal. The water cleansers can be seen in the foreground. *Below* is a general view of the circuit-breaker floor, showing the metal-clad switch gear for 66,000 volts each. The oil switch installation is an all-British product, being supplied by the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., Manchester





ON THE SCREEN

And in the Studio

CHEMMY: Mata Hari (Miss Greta Garbo) and the Russian (Ramon Novarro) in the spy film which has been crowding the Empire Theatre

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR—IN A STUDIO: A set in the grounds of Twickenham Film Studios where *When London Sleeps* is under production in the hands of Mr. Leslie Hiscott. The stars in the talkie version of this old Charles Darrell melodrama are Rene Ray, Diana Beaumont, Harold French, Francis Sullivan, Ben Field, and Alexander Field

"THE MARRIAGE BOND": Miss Mary Newcomb and Mr. Guy Newall in the brilliant Julius Hagen production

WHERE LONDON WAKES IN *WHEN LONDON SLEEPS*: A spectacular shot of the replica of a West-end gambling den, the talkie melodrama now under production at Twickenham Film Studios. The story is, of course, founded on the famous old "penny plain and tuppence coloured" blood and thunder by Charles Darrell

A FILM NEVER TO BE SEEN: *Cavalcade* was filmed at Drury Lane a few days ago that Mr. Frank Borzage may recapture therefrom the spirit of the original when he directs the production in Hollywood for the Fox Film Company

"ILLEGAL": A scene in the Warner Brothers' production. This picture, which stars Isobel Elsom and is directed by William McGann, shows one moment of the sequence in the Scarecrow night club

AN ISHMAELITE SECT OF UNKNOWN

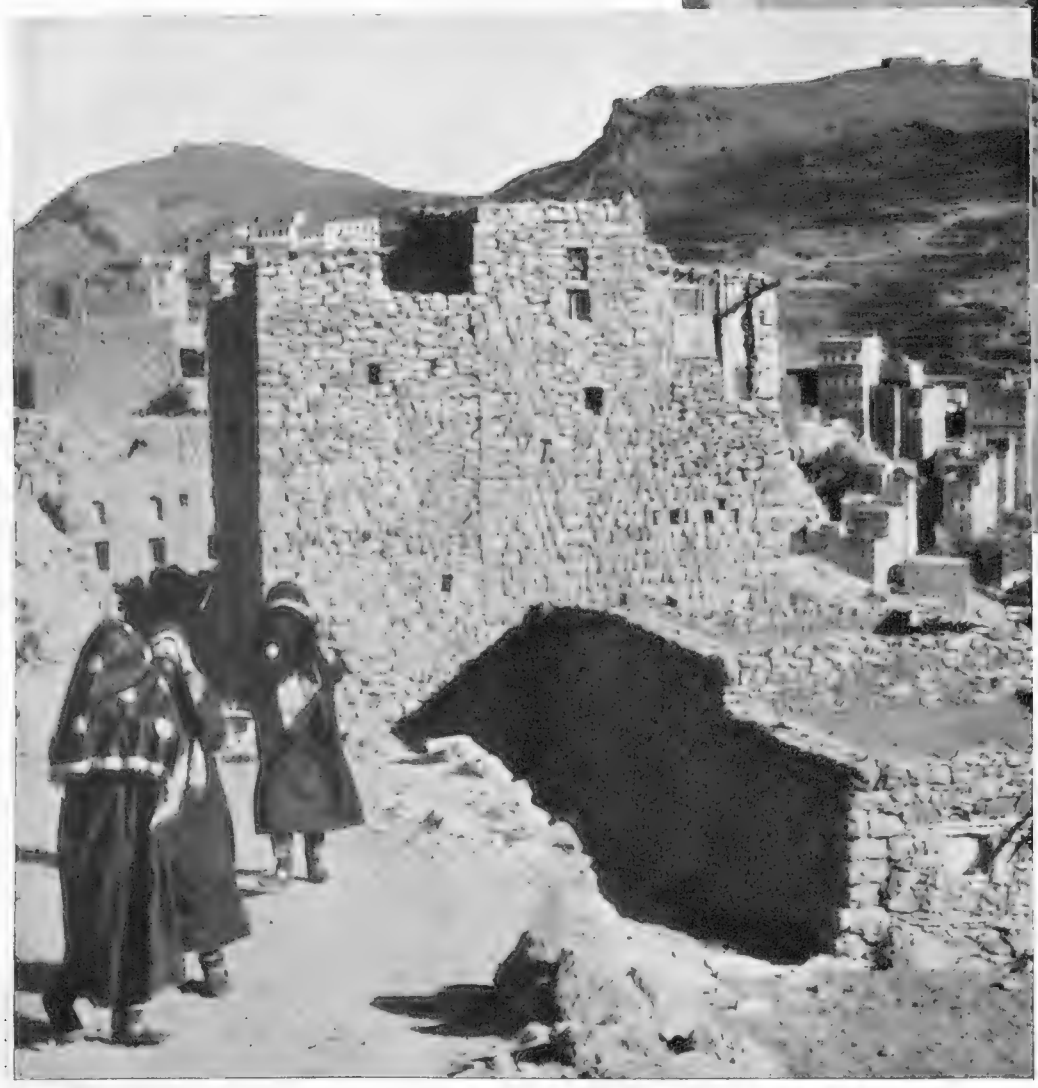
Herr Hans Helfritz's Journey Into a Country Never Before Visited by a White Man Peopled by a Secret Shiite Sect

THE MAUSOLEUM OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ISHMAELITES is to be seen is the foreground. Behind are the characteristically constructed houses perched on inaccessible rocks

JUSTICE IN TAHAMA: The Governor is judge—as in most Oriental countries juries are unknown—combining in himself both political and judicial functions which he ably and equitably fulfils

IN THE YEMENITE RANGE: A fortified town of forbidden to whites for centuries to venture into was only by subterfuge that Herr Hans Helfritz traversing it

THE BATTLEGROUND between the Ishmaelites and Nature—the arable land in Harraz, cut out with intolerable toil from the steep dramat



IN THE HINTERLAND OF YEMEN: A typical Ishmaelite town, precipitous and inaccessible, with its stepped ascending slopes. The women of the tribe wear heavy black scarves with wide white borders and heavy white dots

In Sanaa I made the acquaintance of an Ishmaelite, a member of the Mohammedan secret sect, whose place of origin is said to be high up in the Mountains of Menacha. With him I set out on the journey thither.

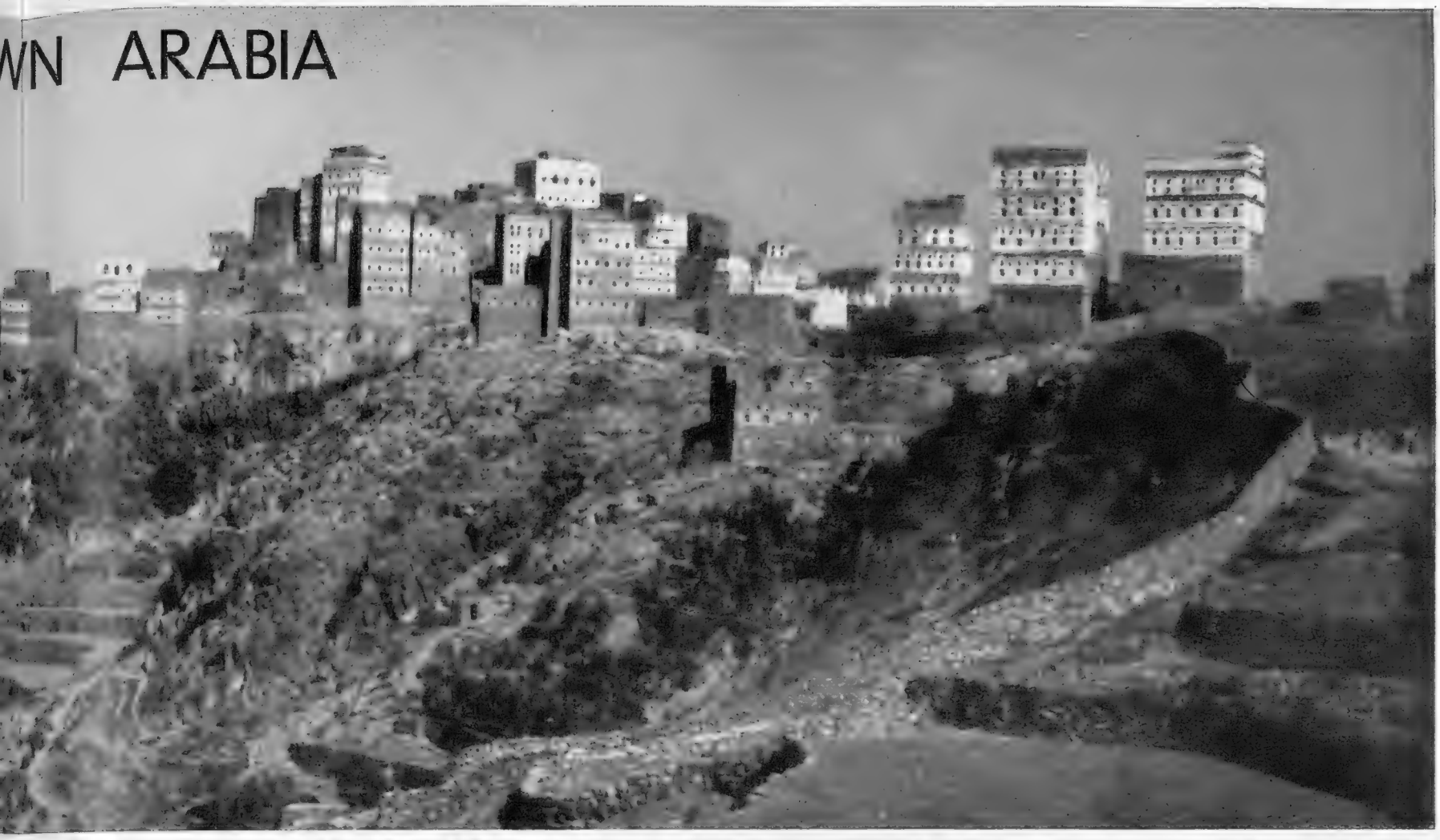
In order to be able to make my way into the Ishmaelite territory, I had let my beard grow and had donned the garb of the Bedouins, a sheepskin, for it is really cold in winter in the mountains, and the Yemenite fur cap. Our way took us direct to the Government town of Menacha, which lies at an altitude of about 3,000 metres, midway between Sanaa and the coast. Here we encountered the first Ishmaelites, but they did not find us to their liking as our beards were not long enough. Finally, we found a guide who was willing to lead us to the towns of the Ishmaelites. It happened to be Ramadan, which is the month of fasting, and at that time nothing may be eaten from sunrise to sunset. The Mohammedans, however, know how to make a virtue of necessity. They simply shift the clock twelve hours ahead, eating and amusing themselves in the evening and during the night, and make up for it by sleeping during the day.

Owing to this fact we were able to leave the town unnoticed in the early morning, because the Governor, the soldiers, and citizens were all fast asleep. We had to creep along the walls on an exceedingly narrow bridle path, and soon the first rock-built homes of the Ishmaelites in Jebel Harraz came into view. Here the mountain splits up into numerous peaks, on the topmost summits of which fortified villages imperceptible to the eye are built. The people who live here have from time immemorial been hostile to the Imam on religious grounds. If danger approaches or if strangers draw near, the inhabitants notify each other from one fortified village to the other in a peculiar language of calls. This consists of sounds unint similarity to the yod warn each other, a windows and doors. Thanks to my guide acted as go-between entry into some of was Self. Here there of the Ishmaelites, for a Mohammedan, mosque. This region man before, because

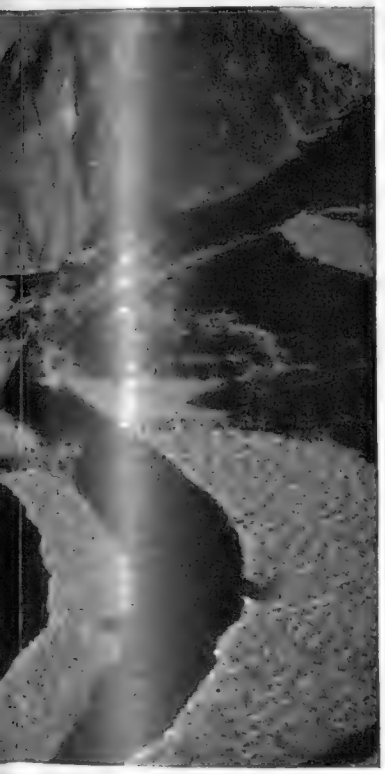
Three thousand Is Menacha as the ce which is widely disse priests of which are is, of course, exceedi to penetrate into the at its meetings is im particular, involve example, the arms a certain clearly define certain way, whilst preceded by specific precepts of this kind Ishmaelite to be able

Coming into the p impression of being land to Mexico. He Tahama, the people made of palm fibres. is but little water; t inhabitants really on the palms of the Tah

WN ARABIA



town of characteristic aspect. It has been e into this fanatically populated area, and it Helfritz and his native guides succeeded in rsing it



land in the high mountain district of Jebel dramatic slopes

de unintelligible to others, presenting some the yodelling of Bavaria. In this way they other, and all of them bolt and bar their doors, so that no one can get at them. y guide who understood this language and between, I was the first European to gain ome of their towns. The most interesting re there is the burial mosque of the founder aelites, and as I was seemingly also taken mmedan, I was even permitted to enter the s region had never been visited by any white because the Imam had never permitted it. usand Ishmaelites live in the Mountains of the centre of this Shiite secret federation ely disseminated in India and Syria, and the ich are reverenced almost as divinities. It exceedingly difficult for a non-Mohammedan into the secrets of this cult. To be present gs is impossible. The religious ablutions, in nvolve definite ceremonial precepts; for arms and feet may only be washed up to a ly defined height, the beard must be cut in a whilst individual daily customs must be specific set phrases. There are innumerable his kind, and one would need to be born an be able to comply with them all.

to the plain from the upper Yemen gives the f being suddenly transplanted from Switzer- ico. Hardly any houses are seen in the people live in straw huts and sleep on beds fibres. The land is poor and above all there water; the ground water is all salty. The eally only live by cattle breeding, as the Tahama bear no fruit. H. H.

JUSTICE MAY WAIT ON THE JUDGE'S PLEASURE in Tahama. The opposing parties are prosecuting their cause before the judge, who is seen raising his hand to still their uproar as he wishes to watch some matter of local interest which is proceeding outside the window

MAGNIFICENT WOOD CARVING is a feature of the doorways in these Ishmaelite cities

A WARRIOR OF YEMEN in full accoutrement, which includes a sunshade and a rifle

HANDCUFFED: A Yemenite who has run mad through over-indulgence in *kat*, an Arab poison made from dried leaves like tea, but heavily intoxicant. He is manacled as a measure of public safety

THE GUIDE: A southern Arabian Bedouin who served Herr Helfritz as a guide on his perilous journey to the Ishmaelites

Ewing Galloway

MOURNING THE MARRIED: A group of native Andamanese after the dance celebrating the wedding of a relative huddle round the couple and utter ritual moans. The Andamanese are small pigmies—as readers of *The Sign of Four*, one of the best Sherlock Holmes novels will recall

GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS: A view of Ross Island, whence the Andaman Islands are administered—seen from the golf course on the main island. On Ross Island is the club to which all Europeans repair by night, leaving, should they live on the main island, by ferry

A HOME FROM HOME: A convict's family in front of their house of plaited cane and thatch. Convicts are encouraged to import their wives and a definite effort is in progress to turn the Andaman Islands into a really first-class colony in quality if not in quantity rather than to leave it as a convict settlement

A CONVICT AND HIS BRIDE: Only the hardest of hard cases — the incorrigibles — are maintained under prison regime. Other convicts are given a trade and a wage and may live their own lives, being given a second chance

"CRIMINAL" SERVANTS: The man on the right is a deserter while his companion murdered a faithless wife — but they prove in actual experience to make very good domestic servants under Andaman conditions

ISLANDS OF PENANCE

Ewing Galloway

COSMETICIANS DE LUXE: Native Andamanese girls apply cosmetics of a sufficiently vivid type from their toes to their brows. They mix their body paint in a wooden tray

The fact that several leading newspapers of India have lately suggested that Mr. Gandhi, once more undergoing sentence, should be deported to the Andaman Islands, has drawn attention to this penal settlement of India. A correspondent here describes this far from unpleasant place of retirement.

The words "Andaman Islands" call up visions of fever-haunted swamps, snakes, islanders with poisoned arrows, prisoners working in chains, and other horrors similar to those one reads about in accounts of the French penal settlement in Cayenne.

It is true that when India first started sending convicts down to the Andamans, a move necessitated by the overcrowding of the jails as a result of the Indian Mutiny, the conditions down there were terrible. To-day, however, all that is changed. The present policy is, instead of using the islands as a place of punishment, to colonize them with those who, owing to past misbehaviour, are barred from making a success of their lives in India.

On arrival at Port Blair prisoners spend only a few months in the local jail, after which, their characters proving satisfactory, they are given a choice of livelihood. Some are employed in making roads, or by the Forest Department, or in the marine workshops. These men live in long, wooden barracks, under the charge of convict warders. Some of the worse characters receive daily rations, but the majority are paid a wage which compares favourably with that of a free man in India. Some support themselves by plying the same trade as they did before their conviction, and a good tailor or carpenter can earn a lot of money. Others are given grants of land, and live in the villages scattered about the beautiful, fertile country round Port Blair harbour. Quite a number of time-expired men have made their homes permanently in the Andamans, and there is now a flourishing, local-born population, with its Boy Scout troop, its clubs, and Government high school. As many as possible of the clerical posts in the Government offices are kept for these locally-born and educated boys, and a very nice type of lad most of them are.

The shortage of women is the greatest bar to successful colonization, but Government is making every effort to overcome this. Convicts are encouraged to send to India for their wives and families, who are given a free passage down to Port Blair. Some years ago an officer from Port Blair was put on special duty to visit some of the jails in India, to try and persuade unmarried and widowed female convicts to consent to being transported down to the Andamans. In spite of the glowing accounts he gave them, not only of the Settlement itself but of the attractive young men they would find waiting to marry them, the response was not very great. The ladies of Benares jail with one accord burst into loud weeping at even the thought of crossing the sea, always a nightmare to the up-country Indian. He was more favourably received in Lahore, where one young woman assured him that if he would be there himself, she most certainly would volunteer.

When the ship eventually arrived with the prospective brides, there was great excitement. A couple of days later the "Marriage Parade" took place in the office of the Jail Superintendent. I asked and received permission to be present. The women, their faces modestly veiled, stood in a line facing the table where we sat. The door opened and a young Hindoo entered, a sheepish expression on his face. At a sign from the European jailor, he walked along the line, asking each woman in turn if she was willing to marry him. A shake of the head met each inquiry, and he beat a hasty retreat looking still more selfconscious, to be followed by others, all in their best clothes, and none looking in the least like men undergoing sentence. Occasionally a woman, after a whispered inquiry as to the man's worldly goods, would nod her head in assent, and then her name and number, and that of the successful candidate for her hand, would be taken down, and in a day or so they would be married before a magistrate.

In the dense forest-clad hills beyond the limits of the settlement live the Jarawars, the tribe of Andamanese who are still openly hostile. At intervals they still raid outlying villages or shoot down some ticket-of-leave convict workin his fields at the edge of the jungle.

Tragic incidents of the type recorded in history—such as the assassination of Lord Mayo — are, however, few and far between, and from the point of view of the officials and their wives, life in Port Blair is extremely pleasant. There are usually about ten officers' wives in the Settlement, and about twice that number of men. There is tennis, golf, and wonderful sea bathing from palm-fringed beaches. Each evening nearly everyone turns up at the little club on Ross island, where in rough weather the spray beats against the ball room windows. Often there is bridge, and occasionally dancing to the gramophone, or to the convict band. At a quarter past eight the last ferry launch leaves for the mainland, and all those who do not live on Ross, have to hurry down to the wooden jetty. Ten minutes later they land at Aberdeen, and start for their respective homes, some in cars, and some in rickshaws pulled by convicts, who, in spite of all orders and entreaties, insist on racing one another, to the danger of the occupants of the rickshaws.

There are few household worries, and the servant problem does not exist. Though it may be difficult to believe, a murderer makes a first-class table servant, and if one's cook has a light hand with pastry, it matters little if he was a dacoit or a deserter from the army!

Should Mr. Gandhi be sent down to the Andamans, it is to be hoped that he will be put on an island by himself, and not allowed to contaminate the peaceful atmosphere of Port Blair, where communal and religious troubles do not exist, and where, in fact, the economic and political conditions are, perhaps, nearer the ideal than anywhere else in the British Empire to-day.

F. S.

LONDON SCENES

THE TOURIST INVASION OF ENGLAND: The vanguard of the hordes that going off gold is expected to bring to holiday in Britain. The picture shows a party of Swedish travel agents touring the country to learn enough to advise their compatriots. They are being conducted over the Houses of Parliament by Mr. Douglas Hacking, M.P., Vice-President of the Travel Association

MRS. DAVID BRUCE, who is acting as hostess to her father, Mr. Andrew Mellon, the American Ambassador. She was presented at Court by Madame Fleurlau

FRANCE ECLIPSES AMERICA in lightning tours, for between 200 and 300 Gallic visitors made a one-day tour of London last week. They included the Tower, St. Paul's, the Houses of Parliament, and Buckingham Palace, outside which they are seen above, in their itinerary. The most hard-boiled U.S. tourists devote a week-end to London, including the Zoo!

"NEW LAMPS FOR OLD": Massive bronze lamps are being erected round Eros, giving the Greek god something of an Hellenic setting in London

TROUT FISHING ON A FACTORY ROOF: Tens of thousands of trout of all sizes live in the huge tank containing 180,000 gallons (800 tons) of water on the flat roof of a chocolate factory on the outskirts of Bristol. The water is constantly moving and is used to cool the engines of the factory. The girls who make the chocolate down below have formed an angling society, and many pleasant hours are passed on the roof top indulging in this favourite sport

MISS HORATIA NELSON who, at the age of eighty-six, sold geraniums for the blind at the foot of the column to her great uncle

BOOKS:

Autobiography Really Worth Reading: A Bitter Pill for "Hearties": A Batch of Admirable Novels, Specializing in Grimness

By CECIL ROBERTS

When I read the first volume of Sir William Rothenstein's *Men and Memories*, which carried one up to 1900, I finished it with reluctance and a feeling of deep regret. There cannot be another volume as good as this, I said to myself. It is not given to man to write two memorable books of reminiscences. Having written an autobiography, I have steadfastly refused to repeat the performance. But then, since *Half Way* covered the extent of my journey, I can plead lack of new material. Sir William has completed the whole way, and has planned three volumes in which to describe it. The first of these was such an outstanding success, both in its achievement and its reception, that the famous artist may well have faltered before starting the second lap. He has covered the course, 1900 to 1922, with the same wit, knowledge, sane and shrewd observance of men and affairs as distinguished the first volume. I like this second, *Men and Memories*, vol. II (Faber and Faber. 21s.), even better, for Sir William now strides into my own period.

In 1900 I was getting down from the nursery chair, and this delectable book does for me what *Cavalcade* did for me the other day—it awakens memories of things in infancy that I did not think I knew. "Soldiers of the Queen," played on the stage of Drury Lane, suddenly brought back a memory of a little boy's nose flattened against a window while a regiment of soldiers marched by with a regimental band, and also of an evening when a very splendid lady, dressed as Britannia, sang a song from the stage of the local theatre, and put on a shining helmet to protect herself from the rain of pennies that fell around her when she sang "Pay! Pay! Pay!"

In this new volume of Sir William Rothenstein's the gods of my youth are made visible and human. I hardly know which of these portraits of Rodin, Orpen, Conrad, Beerbohm, Wells, Galsworthy, Epstein, Hodgson, Shaw, and Craig are the better, the line drawings or the prose sketches.

When I can test them by personal experience I feel how wonderfully Sir William is endowed with the *mot juste* as well as the *crayon juste*. Here is an aspect of Conrad too little emphasized. The sailor is always dragged in. Anyone less like a sailor I have never met. Conrad, for me, always stepped straight out of the Faubourg St. Germain. He was "by birth and by choice an aristocrat; he believed that the object of life was the perfection of individual conduct—the education of man's own spirit. For panaceas of human perfection he had neither patience nor respect. Socialists, idealists, pacifists, and their like roused his anger. Hence he couldn't abide Bernard Shaw." That is theConrad I knew and revered.

This book is rich in stories, but this is not the collection of a garrulous artist chatting about celebrities he has met. There is an unforgettable one about Rodin eating some tainted beef at the house of his English hostess. When she endeavoured to restrain him he attacked his plate with gusto, exclaiming, "Non, non, il est excellent, excellent: le vrai rosbif anglais!" But the fascination of this book lies in the discernment of character in as remarkable a group of men as have ever been gathered together around the table of a man of genius. Few have displayed better their sense of the right word in the right quarter. It was applied to others besides artists requiring encouragement or recognition.

There was Hauptmann, for instance, whose private craving was for an honorary doctorate at Oxford. When, as a result of Sir William's intrigue, the offer came to him, it was a long time before he could be persuaded it was not an elaborate joke. Hauptmann in those days of his youth was even then recognized, "sometimes a group of young men would even cheer. I couldn't imagine this happening in England to a young writer, to Kipling, for instance."

And here is Sir William's opinion upon membership of the Royal Academy. He had been surprised by Strang's assent to election and had seen the changed point of view. "As a matter of fact all young men speak harshly of academies. They naturally begin by being of the opposition. Furse, Clausen, John, Orpen, and how many others talked as Strang did, yet they finally allowed their names to be submitted for election. But I have known no good man spoilt nor bad painter improved by being in the Academy." And how just Sir William is in his reading of Anatole France. I had the same feeling of the master's cruelty, irony, and flattery in that famous drawing-room, and could not blame Henri Brousson for the neat revenge he took in *Anatole France en Pantoufles*.

Apropos of fame, here are some words that every aspirant should learn by heart: "I have often felt that, as an athlete or an acrobat trains from his earliest youth and continues to train to keep himself in condition, so an artist should prepare for the meannesses, attacks, and neglect that are likely to be his portion; and prepare, too, for the more subtle attacks of flattery and excessive praise which, if he reach ripe years, he is bound to suffer."

Vandyk

SIR WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN, the second volume of whose brilliant autobiography eclipses the first, and is reviewed above by Mr. Roberts

RECOMMENDED LIST

"My Hollywood Diary," by EDGAR WALLACE (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net); "You and Your Hand," by CHEIRO (Jarrolds. 10s. 6d. net); "My Candid Recollections, by the DUKE OF MANCHESTER (Grayson. 21s. net); "Sappho of Lesbos," by ARTHUR WEIGALL (Thornton Butterworth. 18s. net); "Heirs to the Habsburgs," by G. E. R. GEDYE (Arrowsmith. 12s. 6d. net); "The Sea in Ships," by ALAN J. VILLIERS (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net); "Cross Winds," by ELINOR MORDAUNT (Secker. 7s. 6d. net); "I'll Never Be Young Again," by DAPHNE DU MAURIER (Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net)

Mr. J. R. Ackerley's journal, *Hindoo Holiday* (Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.), will annoy you terribly if you are what the æsthetes of Oxford disdainfully term "a hearty." For myself I have to confess to unceasing delight and amusement derived from Mr. Ackerley's sojourn in the Rue des Mauvais Garçons. For the Maharajah of Chhokrapur, who wanted someone to love him, an English private secretary, a tutor for his son, a knighthood, and to be like a Roman Emperor and to rule a Greek State, was, I fear, a *mauvais garçon*. But it is impossible to be angry with him, or with Narayan and Sharma, or with the impossible Abdul who plagued Mr. Ackerley to the point of frenzy. And under the satire there is a very vivid, pathetic portrait of Hindoo life, its dust, dirt, futility, poetry, affection, and frustration. It is the journal of a gifted man ever tempted to put his fingers to his nose at the approach of the conventions. No wonder His Highness trusted him,and, after saying good-bye, sadly pushed aside the sacred cow and entered his palace.

This week I am lucky in my novels. They are all good. My only quarrel with Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's long study of the life of a domestic servant, *Maids and Mistresses* (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.), is that the title is inaccurate. This is the story of illegitimate Louisa Dunn, a faithful housemaid with loyalty and personal attraction. She examines her employers and finds them wanting, sometimes in decency, sometimes in gratitude, generally in faithfulness.

She sees Gilbert Yorke desert his wife because she believed the function of marriage was to produce children. She watches the Hanson affair go to wreckage, because Hanson, disabled by the War, sees his wife take a lover. She fell under the charm of Colin, pianist, amorist, and a weak creature. The story of frustrated seduction, and a penalty for no offence committed, is one of the finest pieces of writing Mrs. Seymour has given us. Finally, Sally is rescued, in a Hood-like moment, from the verge of suicide on Westminster Bridge by the strange Mr. Saril, whose loneliness gradually wins her compassion and surrender. He dies suddenly, and Mrs. Seymour leaves Sally riding in a cab to Victoria—a derelict.

I find it hard to forgive her this ruthless realism at the end, so endearing is Sally Dunn. I feel the sex basis of the story is a little too much in evidence. Surely marriage has other attributes? But this is a minor blemish in a piece of very honest, steady characterization in which the understanding heart is admirably matched with the analytical mind. It will delight Mrs. Seymour's public. And now we must know what happened to Sally.

How grim Miss Hilda Vaughan can be, and yet how justifiably grim! In *The Soldier and the Gentlewoman* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) there are all the ingredients of horror, and yet horror never comes, despite murder. This story has an Æschylean quality. The gods are directing the human drama that surges around the house of Plas-Einon.

Nondescript Captain Einon-Thomas inherits the ancient estate, displacing thereby Gwenllian, sister of the slain squire, whose whole life has been given to the preservation of its traditions and revenues. Middle-aged, she seizes upon Captain Richard, jockeys the weak creature into marriage, produces an heir, and holds her husband in the vice of tradition. He rebels against her desperate preservation of ancient state. Miss Vaughan by a subtle magic enlists the reader's sympathies on the side of the hard, inflexible woman who drives her husband to a weak revolt. In the end she murders him—she deliberately neglects the doctor's instructions in the crisis of her husband's illness. It is not indictable murder, but it is murder. The amazing thing is that Miss Vaughan makes every one of us a willing accessory to the act, such is the power of this dark story, encompassed by grim hills, the wild wind, the deep, fierce instinct of tribal preservation. The slow-gathering passion to preserve, to perpetuate, to kill, in the service of an ancient house, is most powerfully presented. Here is no open violence, but a gathering of forces under the complete control of Miss Vaughan. It is a book that holds one in silence like the passing of a storm. Great forces have moved over the human habitation. The end brings a deep relief, and with the falling curtain one realizes how well the stage has been set, the characters quickened into passionate life.

(Continued on p. 284)

MUCH VIRTUE IN NO 'MOUSTACHE! Mr. Owen Nares as the husband who disguises himself by shaving and takes a job as a steward on *The Pleasure Cruise* to keep an eye on his wife, played by Miss Madeleine Carroll. His strategic substitution of himself for an acquired admirer makes the somewhat improper situation that develops palatable to suburbia

"YOU SEE ME, LORD BASSANIO": Miss Mary Newcomb and Mr. John Wyse in *The Merchant of Venice* at the St. James's. Miss Newcomb's Portia is extremely interesting, for it is played with great intellectual strength

Four more or Situations on Stage at the

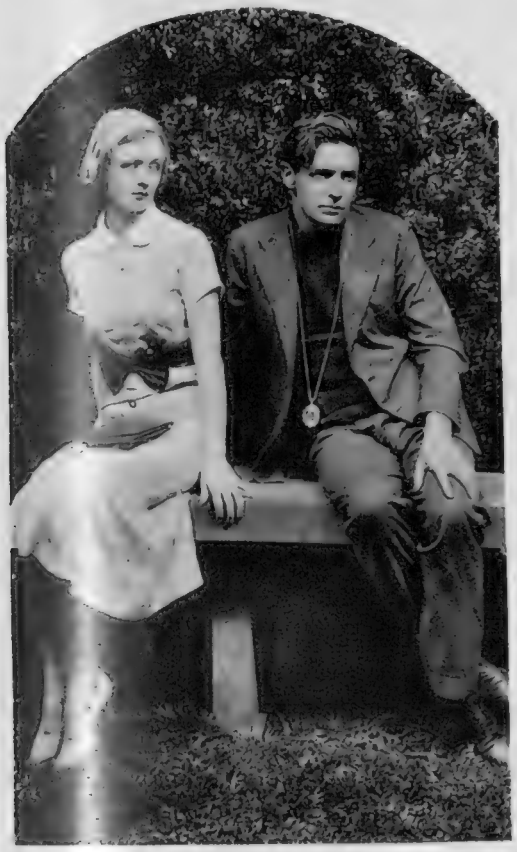
PLAYS:

High Prices for Short Plays: A British-Made Russianized Ballerina: Maltby Redivivus: José Collins Rediviva: Sutton Vane not Redivivus

By PHILIP PAGE

In spite of the opening of what is known socially as the Season, we are in the midst of a theatrical slump. These slumps are periodical, but the danger signal is that they show a tendency to last longer and to occur at more frequent intervals. Very few theatres are doing really well and the "established successes" are not established quite so firmly as is generally supposed. A glance at the advertisement columns of the daily press is sufficient to confirm this. To publish long quotations from criticisms, to tell the world day after day how Mr. A thinks this the greatest play ever seen, while Mr. B, a few inches down the column, thinks that the finest play ever produced is more likely to set intelligent readers pondering on the different opinion which Truly Great Minds can hold than to drag people into the theatre; but in either case it is expensive. And theatrical managers, particularly in these times, do not spend money unnecessarily, even though the very expenditure is an indication that all is not well.

Apart from the primary and obvious fact that if a play is attractive in certain essential respects the public will flock to see it, and if it is not they won't, there are the problems of (i) prices of admission, and (ii) length of entertainment. In the matter of high prices, many managers are blamed unfairly, since the remedy does not lie in their hands. Theatres are let and sub-let and sub-let yet again, and there is usually a clause in the contract which prevents the man actually presenting the show lowering the prices, though he may put 'em up. The contention is that to charge less for the seats diminishes the prestige of the theatre. This is all tommy-rot. Covent Garden, in the grand season, with stalls at 28s. apiece, is not regarded as a place conferring social ostracism upon anyone seen in it just because one can dance there for half-a-crown at other times of the year. But there it is.



"I LIVED WITH YOU": Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Ursula Jeans in the tragi-comedy of Russian high-life and English middle-class existence that has moved from the Prince of Wales to the Shaftesbury. This play—a most amusing treatment of contast—marks the high-water mark hitherto reached by Mr. Novello either as actor or as dramatist

The other problem could be solved more easily. With lengthy chunks of alluring entertainments at the cinemas, to be seen from comfortable seats which are also cheap, some theatres at which at present the show is, to say the least, exiguous, must give more for the money. Heaven forbid that all the disastrously dull plays which we have seen of late should be stretched out longer; that would only make them worse. But it is manifestly absurd to suppose that the public will, week after week and month after month, pay 15s. or so for a stall, for a play with a small cast, no music (and therefore no pretty dresses with comely maidens inside them), and of no outstanding merit, which is timed to start at 8.30, rings up its curtain at 8.50, and rings it down, after two long intervals, at 10.45. Frankly, this sort of thing is not good enough. It is not fair value given for cash received.

Large and well-dressed crowds were attracted by the matinées given at the Savoy Theatre by Mlle Alanova, a dancer who, if not large, is not small, and is certainly well dressed.

It is not for obstinate and priggishly insular reasons that I could have wished that Mlle Alanova, who is as British as British can be and who is really a Miss Allan, had chosen at least some British music to dance to. She used the works of composers from Hungary, France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and Russia—some of the music very pleasant, but much of it the reverse. Not one bar of British music was heard, except that played by the orchestra, under Mr. Constant Lambert, by way of an interlude.

The old notion still appears to remain that in the dance-world anyone who is English must take a foreign name, though in the world of music this nonsense was exploded long ago. Yet surely that need not carry with it the necessity to boycott altogether the music of one's native land. There are even composers among us who can compete with "Les Six" on their own ground, and beat them, though I do not count that unto them for righteousness.

As a dancer Mlle Alanova showed us some good things. Daintiness is hardly in her line, and when she grows tragic she seems to be outside the music; indeed, she does not identify herself sufficiently closely with any of her "pictures," her own personality standing out rather too strongly. But she has an abundance of energy and plenty of talent and several of her gestures are pleasant to look upon. Her Poulenc "Valse" and an interpretation of a familiar Debussy piece I found delightful.

BRIGHT YOUNG THINGS: Mr. Robert Douglas and Miss Eileen Peel as the quasi-romantic couple in *Vile Bodies* at the Vaudeville—the bitter satire upon post-War youth dramatised from Evelyn Waugh's book

less Amorous the London Present Time

This is an age of jazzing the classics. Turn up your list of popular syncopated music, and ten to one you will find a "Parsifal Prance," a "Fidelio Fox-trot," a "Tannhäuser Tango," or a "Lohengrin Lurch" included in it. With less suggestion of blasphemy does one bring into the idiom of modernity that eighty-year-old classic of the stage, *La Dame aux Camélias*. Mr. H. F. Maltby, who in many ways is a better dramatist than Alexandre Dumas *fils*, is the man to do this sort of thing supremely well, for he has a sardonic twist about him which was for long a drawback and has now developed into an asset. His *Rings on Her Fingers* may be described as a picture of that consumptive courtesan, Duplessis, not only with rings on, but with knobs on. It is such a slick and effective piece of work that I am surprised that it was launched at a special Sunday night performance, for those are occasions almost exclusively devoted to the Higher Bosh. I refer to the play at some little length because it will assuredly be produced for a regular run, and in all probability for a long run, too. For Mr. Maltby, having written a series of very good plays which have failed, is now known as the author of a very bad one, *For the Love of Mike*, which has succeeded. So that there is now the prospect—to me a pleasing one—of a Maltby boom, which means that he can now write good plays again in the confident assurance that they will prove profitable.

Marguerite of the camellias has now become Cherry Grey, an actress who, in experience of affairs of the heart of the mercenary type, is Cherry Ripe. The stern parent of the Dumas play and of *La Traviata* is an English country parson. The boy is as emotionally foolish as any tenor in the part, and his adored one dies in his arms, the hollow coughs in the last act being mercifully reduced to a minimum. The story follows the familiar lines and need not be recapitulated, the only noticeable addition being a friend of Cherry's and a fellow-professional. This character the author has rather needlessly elaborated, but it was played so well by Miss Ellen Pollock that the interpolation is justified.

Miss Olga Lindo, having made a success of the heroine in *Rain*, was destined sooner or later to play either Marguerite or her modern equivalent. Her Cherry Grey was a more than capable piece of work and she resisted the temptation to sentimentalize theatrically over it. Mr. Wallace Douglas did not resist so successfully; but the part is, as I have said, by tradition a sloppy one, and Mr. Douglas is to be welcomed in that he is that rare being—a *jeune premier* who does not at the same time suggest an *ingénu*. *Rings on her Fingers* has been well worth the experiment.

Why Mr. Leslie Henson, who produced *The Love Pirate* at the Strand Theatre, did not see that the piece was pathetically asking to be made into a musical-comedy, I cannot imagine. Musical-comedy is a form of entertainment at which he is peculiarly adept. There was Miss José Collins at hand and in great good voice, with her musical-comedy public ready to welcome her back. There was a story which, if on the dull side, was at any rate not tragic.

There was a large band of supernumeraries—pirates, soldiers, and what not—some of whom I have no doubt could sing.

From this preamble it may be gathered that *The Love Pirate* in its first form was unsatisfactory. It is a farce in an eighteenth-century Spanish setting. One has grown rather tired of a girl pursuing with her attentions a man who appears to hate the sight of her, but who, one knows perfectly well, will fall for her (and probably with her) in the end. Miss Angela Baddeley did not improve matters by being very quick and perkish and arch and shrill—in short, by making the character a caricature. Mr. Henry Edwards gave the suggestion not only that he was bored by her, which was part of his job, but that he was also bored by the play.

I wish Miss José Collins had been given a better play in which to make her welcome reappearance on the West-End stage. By her excellent acting, her still better singing, and by her decoratively appropriate appearances she contributed much of such merit as *The Love Pirate* possessed. Mr. Wyn Weaver's sketch of a bewildered General of the type one sees on the lids of cigar-boxes had some good moments, and Mr. Cyril Smith was amusing as an Irishman of the Smee brand. But none of these efforts carried the play beyond Saturday evening.

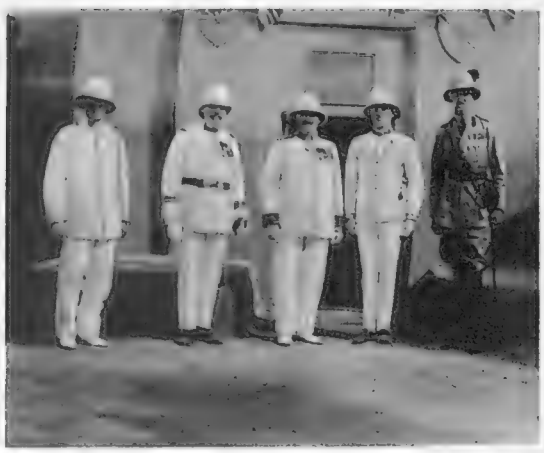
Mr. Sutton Vane wrote a deeply moving play in *Outward Bound*, in which the sea loomed prominently and with eerie effect. In *Man Overboard* he has gone "down to the sea again"; but his ideas have become enveloped in a bad sea fog. At intervals in his very long, very gloomy, but not very interesting drama at the Garrick Theatre I seemed to notice good points making themselves heard, like the sirens of steamers enveloped in an impenetrable mist. But the points, like the steamers in such circumstances, found difficulty in getting anywhere, and progress was accordingly odious.

That a young man whose mother had been drowned at sea but who, on that account, had an irresistible desire to go on a sea voyage and to prattle of Drake and Frobisher was the main wisp of fog. The atmosphere grew more and more murky as we proceeded down the Thames from Abingdon to the docks, and matters were made no easier by the discovery that the greater part of the play was intended to be a dream. Mr. Leon M. Lion lurked menacingly in many scenes as a sort of malevolent emissary of Neptune, and Mr. Emlyn Williams cleverly played a part about as long, apparently, as Hamlet and Peer Gynt put together. Mr. Norman O'Neill's incidental music helped matters.

"THE JEW THAT SHAKESPEARE DREW": Mr. Ernest Milton in his brilliant performance at the St. James's—obliterating his lamentable Othello

TIMBUCTOO

THE HOUSE WHERE GORDON LAING LIVED in Timbuctoo has recently been restored by the French authorities. The plaque was presented by the African Society and the Jack made by the French in Timbuctoo



THE GROUP consisting of Lieut.-Colonel Charbonnière, commanding the Timbuctoo Garrison, Governor Fousset, and Mr. Duncan Johnson and Colonel Breffit, the British Mission at the unveiling ceremony

FULANI WOMEN outside the Residency at Oua Nigonga. The Fulani are a Berber race and are dominant in West Africa. They were photographed during the journey to Timbuctoo

A MUSLIM GEORGE BORROW ON THE NIGER: Dr. Campbell, who travels for the Scottish National Bible Society, distributing New Testaments in Arabic and Tamashek, the Tuareg language. Gordon Laing was the first European of any importance to enter Timbuctoo, and, an anti-slave Christian explorer, was slain by fanatical Arabs

ENTERTAINERS

JIMMIE ORAM who, thrown out of work when the Circus Schniede went bankrupt at Naples, was left stranded for weeks. He was brought home by Mr. Bertram Mills and engaged for his touring circus

WILL GOLDING, a curbstone conjurer who was discovered by the Trocadero restaurant, where he appears in Trocabaret. It is seldom that such a translation occurs even in the theatrical world

GROCK: A view of the "miracle of the grotesque" in private life to which he retired a short time ago. Grock proved almost as humorous with a pen as with his large piano and small fiddle, for his volume of reminiscences, published coincidentally with his retirement, made delightful reading

MOUNTAINEERING

THE ALUM POT-HOLE on Ingleborough Mountain was visited by members of the Bradford Motor Club which organized a pot-hole expedition. It takes 10 minutes to get down and 15 to get up again

ROPE LADDERS were carried by members of the Bradford Motor Club Expedition to the pot-holes of Ingleborough Mountain. The thrills of the chase combined tricky work with a race against time

UP SHE COMES: Surmounting the summit of Almscliff Crag, Wharfedale, Yorks—one of the hardest climbs in the district. Mountaineering and hill-climbing are now starting their season in Britain

IN THE SNOWDEN AREA: The Ogwen Zig Zag is a climb in the Cambrians to daunt—and defeat—all but the most skilful. The rope *must* be used and gym shoes are worn. The British Isles, as may be conjectured from this picture, provide sufficiently perilous tasks to satisfy the most ardent alpinist

THE GRACE of the DIVER and Swimmer

POISED BY THE WATER'S EDGE: A distinguished American swimmer prepares to take the plunge into San Franciscan waters. *On left* Miss Elverita Ladero, the Mexican champion for the 100 yards breaststroke event, displays one of the new brassière cum-buttoned trunks backless bathing costumes

THE DOUBLE FLIP: Miss Dorothy Poynton, the youngest member of the U.S. Olympic swimming team in 1928, practises at the Ambassador Hotel plunge for the 1932 Olympiad to be held in Los Angeles. Miss Poynton is here seen doing a tricky double somersault

THE PERFECTION OF GRACE is ever to be seen in a well-executed swallow dive, one of the simplest of aquatic evolutions to execute indifferently and by no means so spectacular as the flips and corkscrews, jack-knives and hand-stands of the competitions, but productive of far more æsthetic pleasure in the beholder. The Austrian champion, Herr Epply, is seen above diving at Millstadt

THE DOUBLE DIVE: Two experts display perfect co-ordination in this evolution performed during the display which marked the opening, by Mr. L. S. Amery, of the new open-air swimming bath at Wembley. Despite the increasing severity of recent Summer seasons, there is a marked movement in favour of open-air bathing, not only on the shores but inland. The rearing of a hardier and healthier race is almost certain to be the outcome of this movement

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE, the finest Renaissance building in Denmark, was built by Christian IV and is now used as a national museum. It is situated on three small islands at the edge of a lake, one hour's drive from the capital

The LAND of the SEA KINGS

To a seafaring people such as ourselves, there is something appealing in the idea of a country where an hour's run by car will bring you to the coast wherever you may be.

Such a land is Denmark, a country with a coastline so indented that it measures close on 5,000 miles. And the seas washing these serrated shores are dotted with hundreds of small islands, a delight to yachtsman and traveller alike. Denmark lacks what the Americans call "high spots," but its scenery has a curious repose, the spell of which charms for all time those who once fall beneath it. Yet, like many other good things and pleasurable places, Denmark is only just being discovered by those discriminating people who are seldom found where the lights shine most brightly.

The three best centres for those who, having but limited leisure in the country, would experience this charm, are Odense, Hans Andersen's town in Funen, Silkeborg, and, of course, Copenhagen. Silkeborg is the bather's and the fisherman's paradise. Its chain of lakes stretches fifteen miles among heather-clad hills, and in summer there are few sights lovelier than the deep shadows fading into the brilliant blue where pine and beech woods grow down to the water's edge. The Silkeborg waters provide the best fishing in Denmark, and—happy thought in such times as these—the season's licence costs only ten shillings. Near the town and along the edge of the largest lake, the municipal authorities have just built a delightful promenade under an avenue of beech trees for those who wish to stroll about or sun bathe.

A short journey from Silkeborg is Aarhus, whose fine old Romanesque brick cathedral, the largest in Denmark, alone merits a visit, But chief among the city's attractions is the remarkable "Den Gamle By"—the "Open-air Town." To apply the term museum, as we more usually interpret it, to such a spot would be an insult. Here there are gathered together from every part of Denmark old half-timbered houses, and every conceivable dwelling that would have formed a part of an old Danish town. With consummate skill and artistry, they have been re-erected to a millimetre's exactitude, a perfect copy of their original surroundings. It is hard to believe when wandering in the old square or by the edge of the mill-stream that one is not for the moment living in seventeenth-century Denmark—or, indeed, seventeenth-century England, for one at once recalls Buckinghamshire or Sussex in this exquisite retreat. The interiors, too, are just as they might have been left a moment ago by the old cobbler or innkeeper, so let the twentieth-century visitor step over three or four centuries as he crosses his threshold.

THE TOWER OF DRAGON TAILS: The Exchange, Copenhagen, with its unique copper spire

It is worth while making the journey as far north as you can go in Denmark to visit Skagen, a little fishing-village beloved of artists. It is, in fact, the St. Ives of Denmark, and its situation on the narrow tongue of land where the North Sea meets the Kattegat is unrivalled in Northern Europe. If you are fond of bathing and good sunny weather you will have some difficulty in deciding to say goodbye to this idyllic spot. King Christian and Queen Alexandrine of Denmark have a villa at Skagen and visit it often. It lies amid sand-dunes within a stone's throw (a schoolboy's stone's throw) of the sea. Returning to Aarhus, a delightful journey south through Vejle and along the Vejle Fjord brings you to Fredericia, where you cross by motor-ferry to Funen.

To the south of Funen is Svendborg and a chain of delightful islands, Taasinge, Langeland, and others, large and small, hundreds in number. This is the Mecca of every Scandinavian yachtsman and indeed attracts keen sportsmen year after year from every part of Europe. This southern part of Funen is pretty, undulating country, much like Kent or Normandy. It is richly endowed with grand old brick-built manor houses.

So, by ferry again, to Zealand, where Copenhagen, perhaps the ideal holiday city, calls. Regardless of the length of your purse you may eat, drink, and be merry in Copenhagen, sure of delightful surroundings and excellent company. Copenhagen's restaurants and hotels have no peer in comfort, service, and food. Even in the smaller places there is excellent food to be had at very moderate prices. Indeed, it has been said that it is impossible to get a poor meal in Denmark. From six o'clock onwards in every hotel and restaurant there is dancing for all who come, whether they are taking dinner or just dropping in for coffee, wine, or beer.

Copenhagen boasts magnificent churches and palaces, a Town Hall that is a triumph of modern, or comparatively modern, architecture, and a Royal Theatre that is the second oldest in Europe. But no-one will want to return without driving along the coast of the Danish Riviera to visit Helsingor, the Elsinore of *Hamlet* fame, that majestic castle on whose ramparts the Prince of Denmark uttered his famous soliloquy. It is worth visiting if only for the grand view which the climb affords of the Sound which narrows to a mile or so where the Swedish coast rises up opposite and where Helsingborg greets Helsingor.

AT VILLANDRY: There is a fine chateau with high-pitched roof and pilastered Renaissance frontage here, near the junction of the Cher with the Loire

AT CHINON: The famous castle where Joan of Arc first met the Dauphin, afterwards King Charles VII, crowns a height above the river Vienne

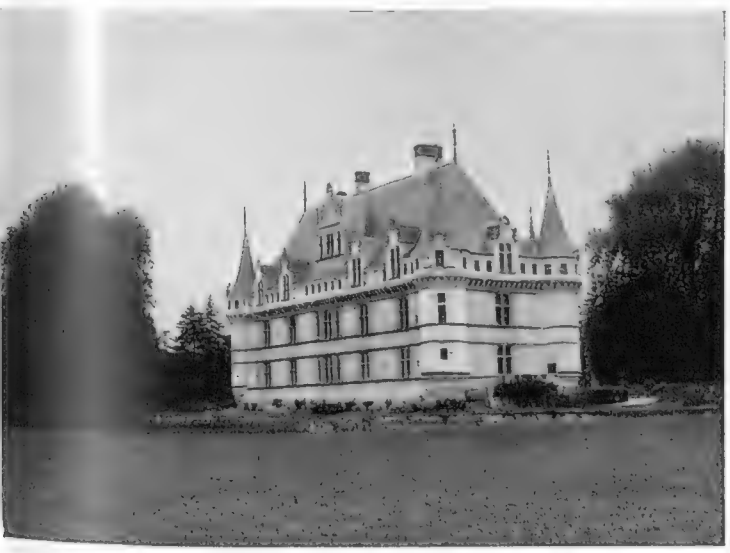
AT TOURS: In the foreground is a stone bridge of many arches built in the XVIIIth century. In the distance is the Cathedral of St. Gatien

THREE HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

THE LOIRE
DENMARK
IRELAND

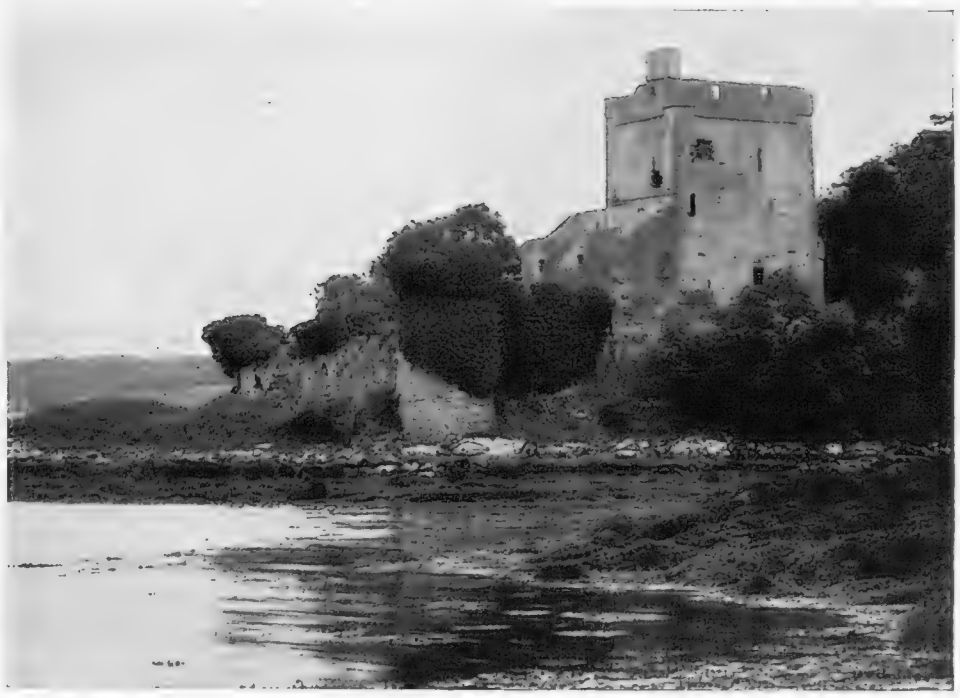
AT ANGERS: The most westerly of the places here illustrated is on the river Sarthe. A broad flight of steps ascends to twelfth century cathedral

AT SAUMUR: There is an outstanding chateau here above the River Loire. This historic pile was founded in the tenth century by Fulk Nerra



AT AZAY-LE-RIDEAU: Older than it looks here is the pinnacled chateau in early Renaissance style. Many interesting objects are exhibited within

Three different countries are dealt with on these pages as last-minute suggestions for holiday-makers. It is possible to make up one's mind to visit any one of these three countries and to leave the same day either by night steamer or morning train. The furthest away is the Chateau country of the Loire inevitably connected in English memories with Joan of Arc and the crossing of the river. One can leave London at 9 a.m and by 10 o'clock in the evening be in Tours, the starting point for the famous Chateaux of the Loire. It is equally easy to take ship to Denmark by well-found steamers and similarly to visit North or South Ireland in the space of a few hours.



DOE CASTLE, at the head of Sheep Haven, County Donegal, was once a famous stronghold of the McSweenies and has figured pre-eminently in both the myths and legends of Erin. It has now been turned into a national monument

HOLIDAYS in the EMERALD ISLE

Of all seasons of the year the one that holds the greatest thrill for the majority of people is spring, when after the long winter nights of cold frosts, fog, and rain the days begin to lengthen out and the grass puts on its new garb of that softest and freshest green, and all those fat chestnut buds open out into their glorious foliage, among a wealth of feathery green and white blossoms. Our own thoughts and feelings are given expression for us by skipping lambs. "The sun is coming, we're going to have such a time; we'll have a holiday somewhere." And why not a revel in the Emerald Isle, where is all the green that the most ardent excursionist, tourist, and hiker could ever wish for?

Ulster is easily reached either by way of Liverpool to Belfast or Heysham to Londonderry, or for the Scotsman by way of Glasgow and Ardrossan to either of those ports. A holiday in Ireland would satisfy that longing to know something of the country whence those lovely Irish songs emanated.

Belfast is the premier port of Ireland, and gives quick access to County Antrim, County Down, and County Armagh, with the rippling waters and beautiful wooded shores of Lough Neagh binding the three together into a circlet of loveliness. Rarely indeed is a capital city so set surrounded by a hinterland of exquisite beauty.

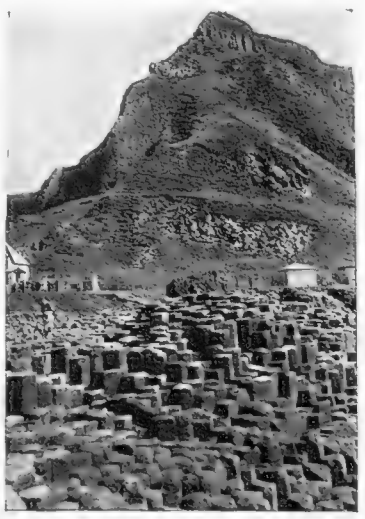
The lake itself, the largest in Great Britain or Ireland, washes the shores of five counties, and thus makes a good centre of interest for touring them. Legend is fertile concerning its origin and its properties. Ireland is a country of giants and their causeways, and it is no wonder that one of them should have torn out a piece of the land and thrown it into the sea, although Giraldus Cambrensis notes another legend to the effect that a spring suddenly overflowed and inundated a vast region. Nor is it a great wonder in this country abounding in Celtic myth and legend that the Lough Neagh fishermen should need no hones to sharpen their razors, but merely turn up their trousers and use their petrified legs. Alas! to-day, Gillette "safeties" are still bought in Antrim. The fish, however, are not petrified, especially the rare "red-fellow"—giolla ruadh.

Antrim, on the main road from Belfast to Portrush and Londonderry, stands in densely wooded country a stone's throw from Lough Neagh. From the ruins of the old castle one sees across the lake the ancient home of the O'Neills—Shane's Castle. In private grounds to the north of the town stands one of the only two perfect round towers in Ulster; these towers are believed to have been built in the ninth or tenth century as places of refuge. To the east is Donegore Moat, a primitive settlement and burial place.

County Antrim itself is responsible for some of the greatest beauty and romance in Ireland; the ancient town of Carrickfergus with its Norman Castle; Larne, an excellent tourist centre and holiday resort; the beauty of those delightful little places Cushendall and Cushendun, and the entirely different facet offered by the coast from Carrick-a-Rede, with its remarkable rock joined to the mainland by a swaying rope bridge, past that miracle in stone, the Giant's Causeway, and on to Portrush, are a revelation of the beauty of the Emerald Isle.

History dwells in its loveliness, for in the wood of Mountsandel can be seen the remains of the dun of Fintan, king of part of Ulster in the first century; the *Book of Leinster* contains a detailed account of a feast held in this royal palace nearly 2,000 years ago. The Venerable Bede, too, states that the River Bann was full of salmon in the year that Christ was born.

Dublin and Limerick are the ideal headquarters for touring South Ireland. To the visitor the situation of Dublin is most striking, lying at the head of a sandy bay and guarded by the rocky promontory of Howth on the north and the granite hills of Dalkey on the south, while further south the north end of the Wicklow Chain stretches a high and undulating line against the sky. Limerick, "the city of many sieges," has much history behind it. Founded by the Danes and standing on both banks of the largest river in Ireland, it is in the peculiar position of being partly within and partly without the county from which it takes its name.



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—the great basaltic outcrop off the north of Co. Antrim

Wexford and Waterford are full of history and ancient buildings. Danes, Norman, and Cromwell have all left their record, though Waterford was the only place in Ireland successfully to resist Cromwell.

Who shall add any more to the volume of ecstatic praise written round the beauty of Ireland from Cork to Limerick? How describe in phrases fitted to their exquisiteness all the varied charm of bay, cape, and river: Cape Clear, Bantry, Kenmare, Dingle, and Tralee guarding from the rough Atlantic the purest gem of all, Killarney? How improve upon Wordsworth's simple hymn of praise, "The most beautiful spot in the British Isles"? G. C.

For particulars of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau see page 287

My Lady's DRESSING - TABLE

Modern Art's Aid to Nature

By BLANCHE ELLIOTT

Humphrey and Vera Joel

The old and new successfully combine in this delicious William and Mary trestle-table, and old, gilt-framed mirror, coupled with an arrangement that is entirely modern in effect. The wine-colcured curtains are worked in Toile de Jouy design

The recent movement towards a greater femininity in fashion and frocks has been accompanied by an equally great interest in the dressing or toilet table and the beauty specialist. The day of the pre-War "shrieking sisterhood" and War-time masculinity in dress has given place to a very definite "back to the powder puff" age, which has gained in spite of the fierce onslaughts in Press and speech as a return to the "slavedom" of fashion. However, in this sphere modern woman has shown on the whole that she does not differ very greatly from her great, great, great grandmothers, for the ladies who donned the satins and laces, the powdered hair and patch, closely resemble the lady of to-day, only that now she may become overnight a platinum blonde with as little concern as when she donned her wig; but the shingled locks are marcel waved, not powdered, the eyebrow plucked in place of the patch, while modern electric contrivances and costly cosmetics make the modern woman, for all her emancipation, just as much a slave to beauty as she was in the days of old. It is merely *autre temps autre mœurs*—the heart of woman remains through the ages very much the same.

Elwes

Delicately feminine is this charming table trimmed with flat brocade and fringe to match the curtain pelmets. The "zoned" mirror has wings, and the decorative electric candles have star-shaped shades. Very original is the box-stool

In keeping with this greater attention to make-up and appearance, and in sympathy with modern decorative art, there is very naturally a completely new trend in dressing-tables which play an important part in the society woman's life. The sense of well-being that a beautifully appointed, well-lighted dressing-table can give is indescribable. It reflects its influence on the lady who sits before it, and she who can lay her hand on what she wants when she wants it, who can view the back of her head or profile in the double-sided mirror, and who can see clearly and plainly with the best of lighting, is always she who is the best and most faultlessly turned out. Yet not every woman takes advantage of what extreme conveniences may be hers to-day. Always she can have the expert services of the art decorator, invariably a sympathetic, soothing young man with perfect manners who will wait upon her, pencil in hand, and originality and good taste in his eye, ready to suggest and to create for her that most delightful of things, the modern dressing-table.

Often it is a combination of what was referred to by Victorians as the cheval glass, with inevitable and necessary side wings, while at its feet have grown nests of engaging little drawers and small cupboards in which may be stored the bottles, lotions, astringents, stimulants, day creams, night creams, pots of rouge, lipsticks, electric gadgets, powders of varying shades and perfumes, not to mention such things as odd curls, sets of eyelashes, chin straps, and ordinary manicure sets. Many are the things that the modern beauty specialist advises in the place of the old home-made beauty lotions. It is, therefore, definitely necessary to have more room to hide away these tell-tale bottles, so the artful decorator provides secretive little cupboards and drawers that open engagingly sidewards to hold them all, so that the table itself may be kept tidy and clear, innocent of lace doyleys and meaningless vases with which they were once decorated. He is hygienic, too, and therefore loves the thick glass tops which are so easily kept clean and do not stain with perfumes, the low lines and sweeping curves which make up so much of the charm of modern decorative art.

Arundell Clarke

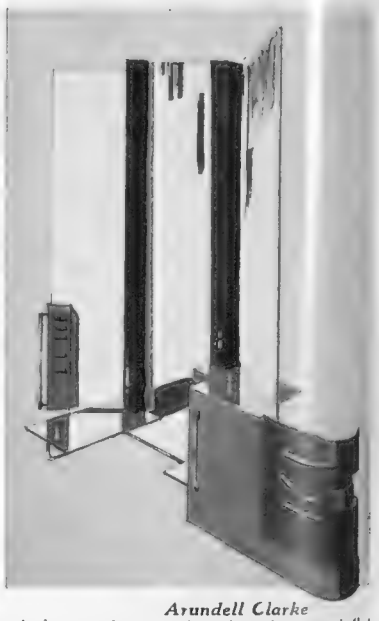
Simplicity is the keynote of this attractive mirror - table. The "nests" on each side in British brown oak are attached directly on the wall, and may be added to downwards as required. The metal stool is upholstered in a coat-lining material

Into the country cottage he will build the most attractive sets with long shelves and small drawers which accompany inset cupboards, while the stool or low chair adds its final touch in the general scheme of things. Always it is comfort and convenience at which he aims in this utilitarian age and he couples them with beauty of line rather than heavy ornamentation.

Great attention is also paid to that other most important point — lighting, and here he has an enormous advantage in electricity. Few things are more provoking than the ill-lighted mirror and for this reason the window is still the most frequently chosen spot in which to place it, though it no longer blocks it up so that its unsightly back may be seen from outside. Now cylindrical tubes throw the light sideways and downwards, while charming effects are obtained by placing lights beneath the frosted glass surface of the table itself.

Another very necessary point to remember is the ability to get a close-up to the mirror and for this reason one should be able to sit very near it and get the knees under the narrow shelf (if any) dividing the stool from the mirror. Again it is often possible to combine the old with the new and many charming effects are obtained from old trestle-tables of polished wood with a lovely old

The quintessence of luxury: Milady at her modern mirror surrounded by all embellishments that Art can offer to enhance Nature's handiwork



Arundell Clarke

A long mirror with side wings and flat drawers forms this most modern of dressing-tables

Humphrey and Vera Joel

For a country house is this built-in knee-hole dressing-table. On one side is a built-in cupboard and on the other a wardrobe

In STYLE MODERNE

Metal and Bathrooms

By BASEDEN BUTT

Often the qualities that distinguish a good bathroom from a bad or an indifferent one are surprisingly slight. An enclosed bath is nowadays considered absolutely essential, for this is both infinitely better in appearance and cleaner than the old-fashioned "trough" bath, it being impossible for dirt and moisture to get beneath it. There must also be stainless chromium-plated fittings, a convenient wall cabinet, niches for sponges, soap, and bath salts, and an appropriate colour scheme.

If the bath is fitted across the width of the bath an immense improvement results if the bathroom is 7 ft. 6 in. wide instead of the customary 6 ft. The greater width makes it possible for a 6 ft. bath to be built in with space for a 9 in. solid shelf at head and foot, and these shelves, if fitted with removable plate glass, will prove a great convenience.

A very practical course is to provide the bathroom walls with a dado of plate glass, leaving the colour of the painted wall visible beneath the glass. Or if the glass is engraved with a pattern, the painted or silvered

Humphrey and Vera Joel
The delightful lighting arrangement adds peculiar charm to this modern built-in table. The stool curves its metal legs at the newest angles

Arundell Clarke
A long three-sided mirror with glass shelves and a cupboard with oval drawers on the flank

mirror hanging over it, which can still be given a modern touch of sophistication by its arrangement. The suggestions shown on this page illustrate what is being done to aid and abet the smart modern in her search for what women of all nations have sought since the days of Eve, the most desired of womanly attributes—beauty.

Apart from its strictly practical side, the modern dressing-table is a definitely decorative object. Its simple lines follow the geometric symmetry of what has been called the "furniture of the fourth dimension." And as the eye becomes trained to the clear outlines of cubes, rectangles, and spheres, so heavy carvings and shapeless upholstery appear clumsy and out of perspective. Frameless mirrors, low shelves, and cool, clear lighting make a strong appeal to the æsthetic sense.

Humphrey and Vera Joel
A delightful and practical dressing-table in a modern manner. The long mirror is flanked by a nest of drawers in sycamore wood

Dadoed in painted green glass, this bathroom at Hampstead Garden Suburb by C. H. James, F.R.I.B.A., strikes a distinctive modern note. Chromium-plated bands interspersed with blue-painted glass divide the dado from the broken white wall

background of the wall will show through here and there and help to emphasize the design. Many beautiful and practical effects are possible by doing walls and ceiling in one of the several vitreous compositions, of which vitrolite is probably most widely known. There is also imitation marble which is almost impossible to distinguish from the genuine article, and is nearly as enduring.

There is a widespread impression that for painted bathrooms it is best to use glossy, waterproof enamel paint. But although enamel paints are well able to withstand the effects of heat and moisture their finish is too shiny to be satisfactory as regards appearance. They look as though they are never dry. Far preferable are the new waterproof paints with an "eggshell" or semi-glossy finish. From the practical point of view these eggshell paints are fully suited to bathrooms and their appearance is more pleasing.

A convenient arrangement wherever practicable is for the bath to be fitted in an alcove or recess adjacent to the principal bedroom. The recess should be screened from the main interior with curtains lined on the bathroom side with waterproof material.

An occasional table, by Practical Equipments, Ltd., in seagrass and steel finished with cellulose lacquer—one of the modernist pieces of furniture for loggia or lounge. Such furniture as this needs getting used to, but it has a distinct charm of its own

Metal furniture made of stainless steel or chromium-plated tubes is now available in a number of interesting new designs, and one rather welcome feature is the fact that the metal parts of the furniture are not unduly prominent; they are balanced by the use of figured timbers and varied upholstery materials. There is a new settee, for example, which is so liberally provided with cushions that the metal framework is scarcely noticeable, and the latest metal chairs are so designed that at no point does the steel or chromium come into direct contact with the user.

A modern dining-room, by Practical Equipments, Ltd., shows the use of chromium-plated steel combined with figured timber. The tubular frames of the chairs and legs of the table are typical of much modern furniture with its geometric simplicity and metallic "slickness"

Another important point nowadays is the fact that metal furniture, instead of being imported from the Continent, is entirely of British manufacture and is being produced in Birmingham.

Among the practical advantages of metal furniture is the complete absence of castors. Chairs are made with only two legs, which curve round and join each other at the back; the result is a delightfully springy though perfectly strong and reliable seat.

Tables, settees, bedsteads, and similar articles made wholly or in part of metal are frequently constructed so that they may be taken to pieces and packed into a very small area—a fact of great convenience when moving or when furniture is put into storage.

Metal furniture also compares very favourably with other kinds of equipment in regard to price. The quality and nature of the upholstery, of course, make a difference to the cost, but the cheapest chromium-plated dining-chair costs £1 16s. Instead of chromium, however, the steel may be finished with cellulose lacquer, when the price is only £1 12s. 6d.

WOMEN in a VARIETY of PHASES

THE YOUNGEST MAY DEBUTANTE: Miss Esther Grant, the daughter of Sir A. Hamilton and Lady Grant. Her father was Chief Commissioner of the N.W. Frontier Provinces, India

THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND at the fashion parade held a few days ago at the Duke of Westminster's house, at which British society girls acted as mannequins

SOCIETY MANNEQUINS: A group of the exponents of the art of Chanel when 130 specially-made Paris models were shown at the Duke of Westminster's house, lent for the fashion parade. The models were made from British materials and were displayed by noted Society figures

THE HIGH-ROAD TO HEALTH: Miss Yvonne Arnaud, recovered from her operation, with her husband, Mr. McLellan

MANNEQUINS AT MEALS: Lady Pamela Smith (holding glass), Princess Dmitri, Madame La Falaise, Miss Brace, Miss Schofield, Miss Charles, Miss Sammut, Mrs. Balfour, Miss Stevenson, Miss Reiss, and Miss Child — partake of lunch in the *atelier* in Paris where they were fitted for the fashion parade in London

Claude Harris

THE HON. MRS. JAMES BECK, the sister of Lord Glenconner and the wife of Mr. James M. Beck of Charles Street, looks amazingly young to be the mother of two charming sons aged twelve and thirteen

CHEZ BETH has inaugurated a novel attraction for it is the first dressmaker's establishment to inaugurate a permanent cocktail bar as an adjunct to its ordinary sartorial appeal

AT THE GERMAN ASCOT: A costume of grey Angora cotton with two lines of polished buttons worn at the recent meeting at Grünewald, Berlin

Sasha

AT THE DORCHESTER: Miss Lesser, Mrs. Gossage and Mrs. Algie Dawson at the cocktail party given by Lady Carisbrooke in connection with the Hundred Hosts Ball and Beauty Fair to be held this month at the Park Lane Hotel

THE PRE-PRESENTATION PHOTOGRAPH: Miss Patricia Talbraith of Durban, Natal, enters her hotel after visiting the photographers where she posed for the camera in all the panoply of her presentation frock and feathers

The GRACIOUS WORLD of ART

"THE YOUNG ROWER": Miss Freda Walker, the charming model who posed for the canvas by Captain L. M. Glasson, which has been hailed as "the picture of the year" in the 1932 Academy, adopts another pose for a similar study by the same artist

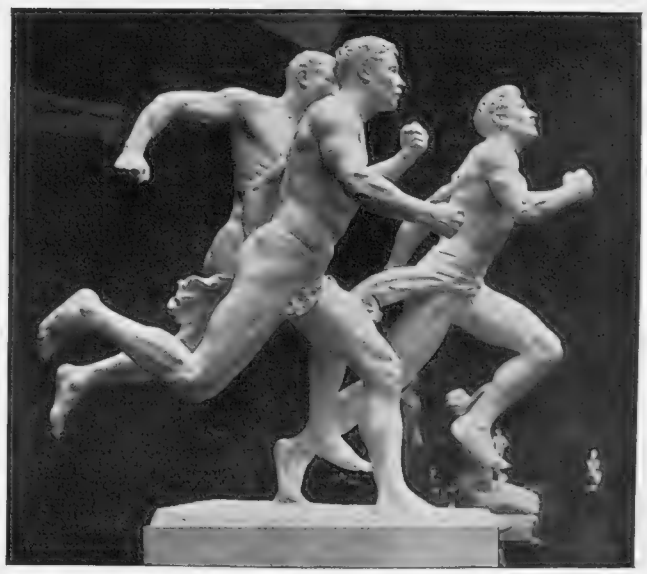
ARTIST, SUBJECT—AND OBJECT: Mr. Epstein and Miss Harriet Hoctor, the American dancer, with the bronze head of the latter by the former. Miss Hoctor declares that "if ever she cannot dance, she will know from the bust that once she could." The work shows African influence

CONSTELLATION: M. Franz Lener, the distinguished violinist and leader of the Quartette that bears his name, sits for his portrait to Mr. James McBey, the famous artist. The "star" musician with his "star" instrument—a Stradivarius—is seen above with the "star" painter

Lent by Mrs. J. Bulkley, Ridgefield, Conn.

GARDEN FIGURE: A very charming Diana the Huntress, by Edward McCartan, in the Exhibition of the American Society of Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers, at the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York

IN THE MUSSOLINI FORUM: The heads of two of the five statues by the late Silvio Canevari, who died a few days ago, commissioned by the Balilla organization. They depict Young Hercules and the Rower



"VIGOUR": A piece of sculpture that lives up to its title, and is attracting much attention at the Grand Palais Exhibition, Paris. It arrested the attention of the late M. Doumer

ON TOP OF THE WORLD: A view of Spiral Shelves, Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, which is the highest motor road in the world

LINKED UP AT LAST: Workmen clearing the last 40 yards of the Langford by-pass Road, the completion of which has been held up for four years owing to the refusal of a tenant to move

WHERE ONCE MOVED CARRIAGES there now stand cars. An over-head view of the garden of Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, which has been converted into a car-park during the reconstruction work

ROAD-MAKING IN INDIA: A tractor and grading machine used in the making of earthen roads in India, these having proved quite efficient and cheaper than macadamised roads in that country

* THE PETROL WORLD *

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE 8-CYLINDER HILLMAN VORTIC.—For some reason or other 8-cylinder motor-cars, if one may judge by the number listed, are not very popular amongst British manufacturers. Having completed a short test on a Hillman Vortic sports sun saloon which has an 8-cylinder engine just over 2½ litres in capacity, I am rather surprised that more of this type of car are not seen on our roads. I realize that this Hillman Vortic is popular, but I cannot understand why other makers do not do likewise. To commence with, the 8-cylinder engine makes the car a real lazy man's vehicle. I proved to my entire satisfaction that quite lengthy runs over second-class roads with all their bends and gradients can be completed without using the clutch or gear-box at all. I am not suggesting that this is the way in which the car should be driven in order to extract from it its very last ounce of power, but there are a very large number of motorists who hate gear-boxes and for people in this class the Hillman Vortic is ideal.

Driving this Hillman is quite a simple job, and I found that, although it is a sturdy well-built job, it handled like a much smaller car. The steering was light and a really good lock is provided; the powerful brakes can be applied without much energy being expended. Owing to its excellent acceleration and its light controls it could be manœuvred past other cars on the road when conditions were not too good.

I am not certain what speed is claimed for it, but on more than one occasion I saw that the speedometer needle had passed the 60 m.p.h. mark. I have no doubt I could force it up much farther, but then, I think like most other motorists that all-out speed is quite a minor consideration in any motor-car. Ease of control and pronounced acceleration with good brakes are the features which in the circumstances ruling to-day help most in getting as quickly as possible from one point to another. As I have said before, the Hillman Vortic possesses these features, and, in consequence, is what I would call, a fast touring motor-car.

BRIEF SPECIFICATION of the HILLMAN VORTIC

Engine—8 Cylinders.
Bore and Stroke—63 and 105 mm.
Capacity—2620 cc.
Clutch—Single Dry Plate.
Gear-box—Four Forward Speeds and Reverse.
Transmission—Open Type with Hardy Spicer Joints.
Gear Control—Central Change.
Brakes—All Four Wheels; Dewandre Servo.
Suspension—Semi-Elliptic; Shock Absorbers All Round
Steering—Marles.
Price—£405.
Annual Tax—£20.

Makers:

HILLMAN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

GEAR-BOX AND TRANSMISSION.—The engine gives off its power smoothly and without fuss; the gear-box provides four forward speeds and a reverse; the third is known as a "Traffic Top," and its ratio has been very carefully selected so that one can use it to the best advantage. It is so quiet in action that on more than one occasion I went for quite long distances without getting in top gear, thinking that I had already done so. Like the engine the transmission system is dead quiet. The brakes, operated by the pedal, are really good, and, as I mentioned previously, they require very little effort from the driver to operate them, a Dewandre Servo being provided in order to assist. The hand-brake lever operates shoes working inside drums on the rear wheels. Unlike most hand-brakes, that on the Hillman Vortic actually does its allotted task.

As regards the general turnout of the car I cannot say that I, personally, am very struck with the colour scheme, but then it is only one of three standard schemes available. The actual colours of the car I drove were biscuit and green, with upholstery in the latter colour. The seats are comfortable and there is plenty of elbow room and clearance for one's head. On this sports sun saloon triplex glass is standard throughout, likewise a sunshine roof. There is a most complete equipment, and at the rear there is a very handy and neat luggage container. The lines of the car are pleasing and distinctive.

As one cruises along in this car the driver and the passengers derive a feeling that the car itself is enjoying the run just as much as the occupants. When a car such as this is happy in its job it usually means that it will continue to perform without giving trouble or uttering any audible complaint. Surprising to relate it is not an expensive car, in fact the particular model I drove is listed at £405. The makers also list a saloon which is £30 cheaper, and with this latter model there is a greater choice of colour schemes. As a result of my test I am quite satisfied that this 8-cylinder Vortic has a performance quite in keeping with the other Hillman models.

EIGHT-CYLINDER MOTORING: An eight-cylinder Hillman Vortic Sports Saloon by the old stocks at Shalford, near Guildford. Fitted with a four-speed gear-box this model retails at £405

THE OUTSTRETCHED ARM.—A motorist bearing a well-known name recently had a summons dismissed against him, his alleged transgression being that he ignored the outstretched arm of a mobile policeman. Time after time we all come across the new motorist who considers that his hand thrust through an open window has the power of that of a policeman on point duty. I have discussed this matter with some of my motoring friends and I was surprised to find that some of them were actually under the impression that if they held their hand out everyone within reach behind and in front should come to a standstill. Driving would indeed be a painful and annoying occupation if that impression was correct. True a driver must signal his intention when he desires to carry out certain manœuvres, but before giving the necessary signal he should make certain that no one is likely to be unduly inconvenienced by his movements. In other words, a driver is expected to look behind and ahead to see that no other vehicle is too close for safety. I would also remind drivers that whatever signals are given they should be clean cut, decisive, and intelligible. Always wait until the road is nice and clear before turning to the right across the stream of traffic. Courtesy on the road is just as commendable as in one's own house, and if a driver can pass through the gates of his or her house at night having the knowledge that during the whole day on the road no other fellow traveller has been asked or compelled to slow up, accelerate unduly, or otherwise inconvenienced by the car being on the road, then the driver can retire for the night satisfied that the day's motoring was such as would qualify him or her for membership of the Order of the Road.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD.—Although he has lived in retirement for several years now, Sir Frederick Royce is still one of the greatest figures in the motoring world, for his name is bound up with the particular tradition of perfection which is one of the industry's chief distinctions. The formation of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., took place in 1906; a year or so before that Mr. Royce had built his first three cars, one of which came into the possession of the Hon. C. S. Rolls, a pioneer racing motorist and principal of an important firm of car factors in London. As a result of Mr. Rolls' enthusiasm for this car his firm became sole factors of the early Royce models, until the two firms eventually joined forces. Mr. Royce's first cars had been two-cylinder vehicles, but he later designed and produced three, four, and six-cylinder models with great success. He had undeniable genius, and in addition a passion for detail perfection both in material and workmanship, and he never once departed from the high standard his ideals set up, so that from the first his products bore the characteristics which are now associated with the Rolls-Royce name. Shortly after the formation of the joint company the works were removed from Manchester to Derby, and production was confined to one model, the 40-50 h.p. "Silver Ghost." It was not until the outbreak of War that Mr. Royce seriously turned his attention to the development of the aeroplane engine. The imperative need for reliable aircraft then opened up for him an enormous field of research and experiment, and he brought to bear on the matter the same enthusiasm which he had given to motor-car development in its early stages. The record of achievements standing to the credit of Rolls-Royce aero engines contains incidents that have made aerial history—Alcock and Brown's flight from Newfoundland to Ireland in sixteen hours, for instance, and the stage-by-stage flight from England to Australia in 28 days. Mr. Royce was created a baronet in 1930. One of his rare public appearances is now made each year at Hendon on the occasion of the R.A.F. display, when he shows a keen interest in the latest development of the engines bearing his name.

SPEEDY SINGERS.—Out in New Zealand, recently, two Singer Junior light cars took first and second places in an important race. They both were credited with covering eight miles at a speed in excess of 80 m.p.h. They were Singer Sports Juniors of the standard type, but had been tuned up by local dealers. This special attention does not in any way detract from their performance, because it is a well-known fact in racing circles that unless you have a very efficient engine and transmission on which to work, all the tuning in the world will not give good results. It is indeed encouraging to hear of British cars, and those of very moderate price in particular, giving such a good account of themselves overseas.

AT THE END OF THE RUN

when the moment arrives to rest and reflect in peace on the glories of the drive, the fitting hospitality most in tune with the mood of driver and passengers alike is — **AS ALWAYS — HAIG**

CONTINUATIONS

BOOKS

(Continued from p. 272)

Mr. Louis Bromfield has written seven novels. I have read them all and have never encountered a second-rate one. He has the compelling gift of the born storyteller, and all his characters are endowed with the vital force that magnetizes attention. *A Modern Hero* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.) is the equal of its splendid predecessors. Pierre Rader, the young circus rider, meets Joanna while he is on one of his tours. It is the old story of passionate youth, but how fresh and vivid Mr. Bromfield can make it! With its Casanova-like opening, its study of circus characters, the strength of Joanna and her simple-minded husband, the tragedy of young Peter, the cuckoo in the nest, the story passes from scene to scene, every moment vividly evoked. Mr. Bromfield loves the world in all its phases, and in this story of circus life he has the chance of an international outlook, for the ramifications stretch to Europe. There is not a page of this story which does not merit careful reading. One of Bromfield's best. There cannot be higher praise.

If you are a Bramah fan, a follower of the adventures of the enchanting Kai Lung, you will delight in *The Moon of Much Gladness* (Cassell. 7s. 6d.). The lovely Hwa-Che, in a month's exciting adventures in the ancient city of Kochow, solves a dark mystery. All the Bramah technique and Chinese apparatus are here. The language is as flowery, the villainy as wicked, the cruelty as fine as we expect in association with Kai Lung. A Bramahite who bows at the shrine, I welcome this latest offering. It has, as the last sentence invokes, my "distinguished judgment."

Fate, with a desire to deprive me of much pleasure, has kept out of my hands until this late hour *After Sentence*, by Vicki Baum (Bles. 7s. 6d.). If Fate should have treated you likewise, frustrate it and procure the book at once. *Grand Hotel* was surprising, memorable. In this new book Miss Baum proves it was no trick of greatness. Her international reputation is soundly based.

Dalmatia (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.), by Oona Ball, is a chatty, semi-historical travel book for intending visitors to the Dalmatian Coast. This coast deserves all the compliments that are showered upon it by Mrs. Ball in this admirably illustrated and written book, but I have to confess that I found the hinterland depressingly wild and barren. I once went to Ragusa to make a film of one of my novels. I was just being transformed into a beachcomber by its beauty when my restless American producer insisted that he must get to Split. We made the journey by car over the Illyrian uplands. I vividly remember our chauffeur. He had such beautiful hands that I was restless until I had penetrated his disguise. He proved to be an ex-Russian General, a nobleman turned chauffeur. An irritating factor in the triune-State is the changing of all place names. I hardly know now whether I have been to Dubrovnik, when it stands in disguise thus. How much lovelier the old name Ragusa is! And having seen the Bocca di Cattaro, I have no desire to visit it as the Boka of Kotor. What's in a name? The whole success of Cook's. This is a most practical book. Mrs. Ball does not scorn the cost price of hotels and the names of good guides and chauffeurs.

MADAME HANAU

(Continued from p. 265)

Madame Hanau has a special dislike for Flandin, and showed it by deluging his constituency, at Avallon, with 15,000 copies of *Forces* containing an article called *Le Beau Danube d'Or*. Her arrest was carried out by the Prefect of Police operating under a very old statute which most people had forgotten.

There is no doubt that the French have considerable sympathy for this striking woman. It may be that they think she is wrong too. It may be that they strongly suspect her of blackmail. On the other hand, they consider that she is attacking in the right direction when she goes out after certain types who live by "playing the stock market." They also admire her for her *cran*—a word difficult to translate.

Above all, the opinion is that she had every right to publish the secret report on her, which act led to her present arrest. This report, rather childish if I know these things from passed Intelligence connection, originated from the Prefect of Police, the busy and ever-to-the-fore little Corsican, Chiappe, and said that Madame Hanau had dined at the Soviet Embassy and had relations with the Dresdner Bank. Madame Hanau got this report, of which twelve copies existed, and published it. She made the error of suggesting that it came straight from the Finance Minister's drawer, which was not so. No one knows whence Madame Hanau got her knowledge of the lettre de cachet concerning her. But these things do happen in the queer but interesting land that is France.

Recollect that Léon Daudet got out of prison by someone ringing up the Prison Governor, from the Minister of the Interior, and just saying "Release Léon Daudet." I should not be surprised to see Madame Hanau disengaging from Lazare in like manner soon. Possibly the chief obstacle to her doing so is a pair of crutches.

I should add that Madame Hanau foretold the Kreuger smash eight months ago.

THE PADDINGTON TUBERCULOSIS DISPENSARY

The Paddington Tuberculosis Dispensary, affiliated to the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, is holding its twenty-third annual meeting on the last day of the month at No. 1, Hyde Park Gardens, by kind permission of Lady (Ian) Hamilton. Many distinguished people are to be present, among whom Viscountess Snowden will speak. An appeal is being made to raise £25,000 with which to build and partially endow badly needed new premises for the extension and development of the work.

Ever since its opening in 1909, the Dispensary has made a steady and continuous search for signs of tuberculosis in children, for it is realized that the seeds of the white scourge are only too often sown in early youth, and de-tuberculisation has become a routine. The laws of hygiene to patients have been taught to family after family with the result that of every hundred people who died in 1909, 41 of that number are now saved.

At the moment, the crying need is for X-ray apparatus and other modern methods for which the present building in Talbot Road is scarcely suitable.

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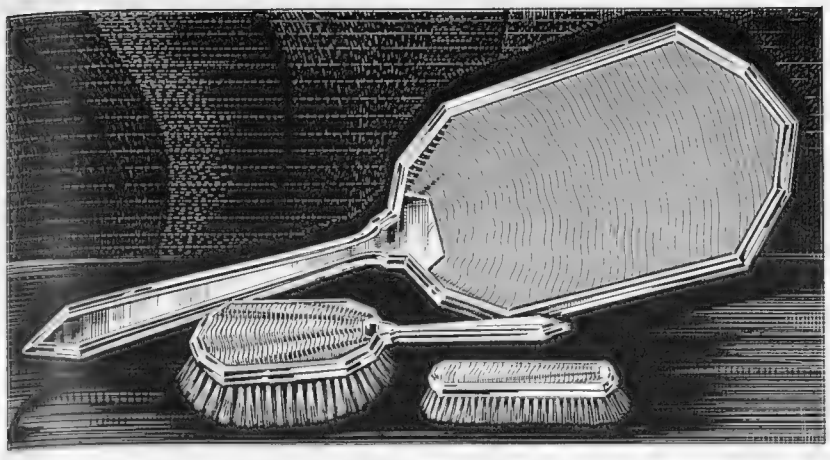

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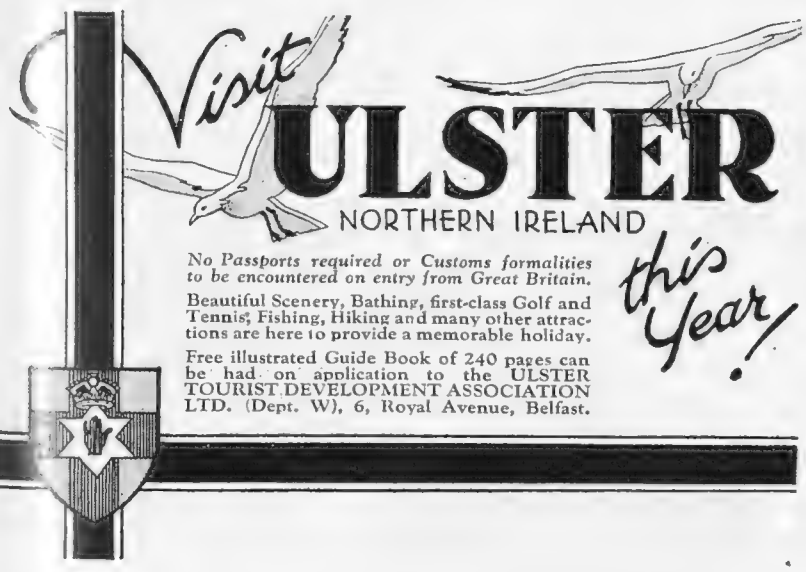

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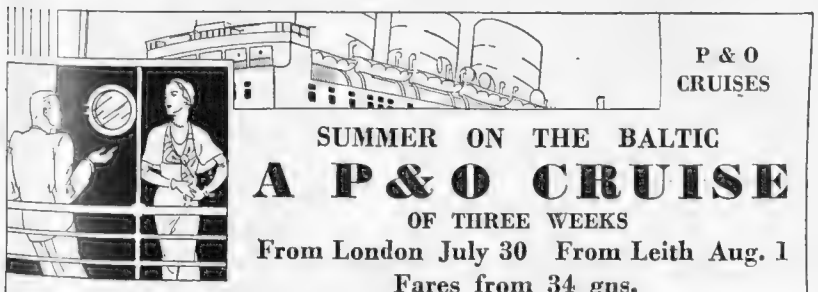

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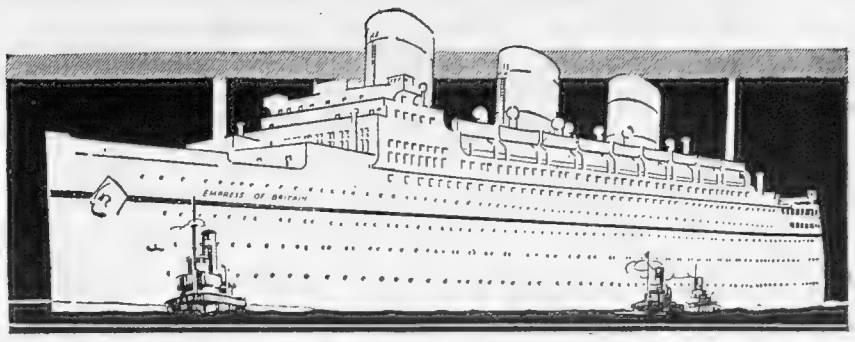

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A PICNIC ON THE BEACH: A delightful vignette of holiday making in Guernse one of the four islands that make the "duty-less paradise"

The CHARM of the

The Possession William the Norma

By CLI

Each year the Channel Islands, those last possessions of the British Crown of the inheritance brought by William the Norman, are more and more popular with holiday-makers. There is good reason for this, for they possess a unique charm, beautiful coast scenery, and enjoy a climate that is delightful.

They are easily reached to-day either from Southampton by the fine new steamers of the Southern Railway or by an equally satisfactory route, via Weymouth, by those of the Great Western Railway. Many people take the opportunity of going by one and returning by the other.

There has always existed keen rivalry regarding the awarding of the palm for beauty among at least three of the islands, namely Jersey, Guernsey, and Sark. An unprejudiced judge has a hard task to decide which is the most attractive by reason of the fact that all are beautiful and possess individual charm.

Jersey, the largest island of the three, in addition to beautiful scenery, a profusion of flowers, and a larger area than any of the others in which to explore, offers more amusements of the usual kind and possesses a railway. Jersey is delightful at all seasons of the year; but to see it at its best, to enjoy the equable climate, the beautiful valleys, the profusion of flowers, the splendid walks along the coast, the bathing, sun-bathing, boating, and unrivalled sea fishing one should visit it between the months of May and October.

St. Helier, its capital, a very bright and bustling town in the holiday season with excellent accommodation in the many hotels, boarding houses, and apartment houses for all classes of visitor, is situated on the south coast, about midway between La Rocque Point, its most eastern extremity, and famous Corbière Point, its most western. The town lies in the eastern curve of beautiful St. Aubin's Bay, which, seen from the summit of one of the environing hills, is incomparably lovely on a summer's day.

A quarter of a mile or so from the harbour mouth lies historic Elizabeth Castle, built with money raised by Sir Hugh Paulet in 1551 by pillaging the churches. It was a Royalist stronghold during the great Civil War. One must not forget, too, that in the tree-shaded Royal Square of the town was fought in 1781 the Battle of Jersey, the last to be fought on English soil, when the French adventurer, Macquart Rullecourt, was defeated with his band of invaders.

St. Helier is a clean, bright, and attractive town with good shops, well-organized amusements, and facilities for sports and games of all kinds, including tennis and golf on a sporting and interesting 18-hole course at La Moye, and another that of the Royal Jersey Club, on Gorey Common. The first is twenty-five minutes from St. Helier by train, with a private halt opposite the clubhouse. It is an excellent seaside course with fine views.

ELIZABETH CASTLE at St. Helier, built in the sixteenth century and famous as a Royalist stronghold during the Civil War. Its builder was Sir Hugh Paulet

There are many beauty spots to visit either by walking along the general charming roads or by footpaths, delightful bays for picnics and bathing parties, many caves—these to be explored with some caution because of the rapid incoming of the tide—and such curiosities as the "Creux de Vis" or, as it is more often called, "The Devil's Hole," and Wolf Caves to discover.

Corbière Point, with its famous light-house at the end of a ridge of cruel-looking rocks and a great resort of holiday-makers, lovely Vinchelez Lane, beautiful St. John's Bay, breezy Gorey Common, the picturesque little harbour of Gorey itself dominated by the ancient and grim Mont Orgueil Castle, the charming little coast towns St. Aubin and St. Brelade, and several old-world villages inland should all be visited. All these, with the quality of air and sunshine, which has justly earned for Jersey the description

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SPORT IN THE CHANNEL ISLANDS: Jethou, one of the islands immediately off the coast of Guernsey, a notable place for rabbit shooting

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Brought to the English Crown

HOLLAND

"sunny," constitute the island's chief and alluring charms.

Guernsey, equally attractive in its own way, with delightful bays and bold headlands, flowers and fruit in abundance, may perhaps best be described as a somewhat quieter resort. Not that it is dull, but amusements, though in plenty, are less organized than on the larger island, and the quieter type of holiday maker, for whom a certain amount of restfulness and just sheer enjoyment has attractions, will find what they want in Guernsey. There are, of course, the usual seaside amusements and entertainments. Bathing, swimming pools, tennis, fishing, boating, excursions to beauty spots, to the neighbouring island Sark, good golf on the links at L'Ancresse Common overlooking the bay, and unrivalled walks and opportunities for picnicking at such popular places as Petit Bot, Moulin Huet, Saint's and Fermain Bays.

St. Peter Port, the capital of Guernsey, on the eastern side of the island is a picturesque and ancient town, with considerable "overseas" trade in fruit, vegetables and flowers, as is also the case with Jersey. The harbour in summer is a lively and interesting spot, especially when the mail boats from England come in or depart.

Victor Hugo lived many years in the town after his exile from France, and his home, "Hauteville House," with the town church, the Parliament House, and Record Office, form the chief sights of St. Peter Port. To the southward of the southern breakwater stands Castle Cornet, the ancient "Donjon" or "Keep" of which dates from the twelfth century, a striking feature of the sea front.

Guernsey has for one of its attractions a very varied coastline. The beautiful colour of the water in the various bays from deep violet, where the seaweed floats, to the brightest emerald green, and golden in the shallows over sand, never fails to arouse the admiration of visitors.

From the breakwater and the sea St. Peter Port presents a charming picture in the early morning; the red-tiled roofs of the older buildings emerging from a haze of blue smoke which drifts in thin, veil-like clouds across them. To this delightful island people return again and again.

Sark, an hour or so away by the little steamer that plies fairly regularly during the summer months between it and St. Peter Port, is just the place for a quiet holiday amid lovely surroundings. It is a truly beautiful island, with coast scenery reminding one of Cornwall, only, perhaps, a trifle less grim.

One of its "lions" is the tiny stone gaol, in which, tradition says, the last person confined was a man who owed five shillings! Other "lions" are the tiny Cruex Harbour, where is the only landing; the famous Coupé, a narrow strip of land, with a precipice on either hand, connecting Sark with Little Sark; the ancient Manor or Seigneurie; the wonderful caves, and "The Bath of Venus."

Sark has been described as "an emerald set in an azure sea." And the description is not so exaggerated as might be thought.

THE SMALLEST HARBOUR IN THE WORLD: Cruex Harbour, Sark. Motors being forbidden on the island, transport is unloaded by horse vans which drive through a tunnel in the cliff

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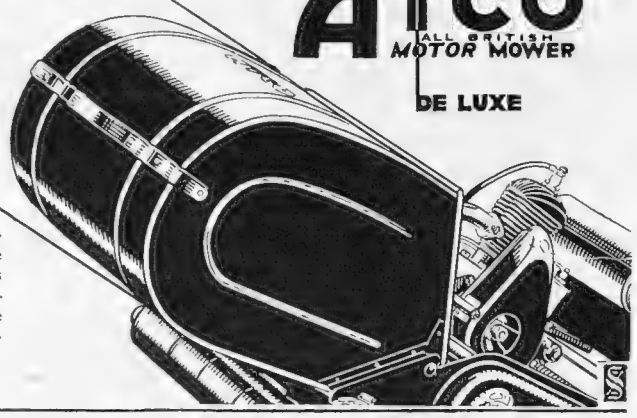

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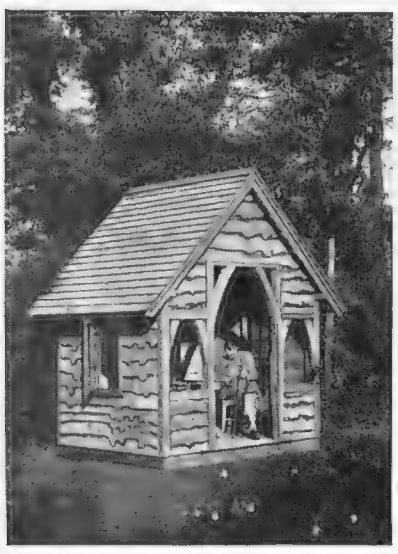

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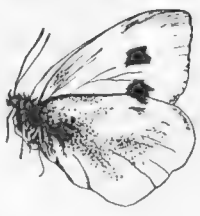

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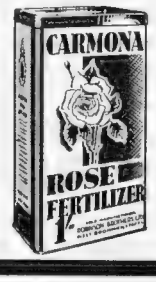

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The GARDEN in MAY

By MARY HEADLAM

A SURREY GARDEN IN SPRING

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May, when all is ycladde
With pleasaunce; the ground with grasse, the woods
With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds. . . .
EDMUND SPENSER.

Every day, in spite of a persistently cold wind and much rain, fresh blooms appear in border and rock garden. The common iris germanica is coming out, while the other intermediate irises, as they are called, the pale blue Dolphine, the white Florentine iris, and Queen Flavia, a good yellow, with the purple king germanica, are going to make a brave show in a day or two. Viola gracilis, tulips of all colours, London pride, and many other things are added to the beauty of the flower beds.

This is the most lovely time for flowering shrubs. The sweet, old-fashioned flowering currant, the lilacs, many of the prunus family (P. japonica is beautiful), the Siberian and Japanese cherries, the old favourite P. cerasus persicifolia with its double, pink-tinted flowers, the large pyrus tribe (perhaps the best of all being pyrus malus floribunda, glorious just now); rosemary, too, in bloom, weigelas, deutzias, guelder roses, and a host of others too numerous to name—all are now in perfect beauty. The forsythias have been in bloom for some time, forsythia fortunei being a very robust and less drooping form. These shrubs need to be thinned and cut back at once after the flowers have fallen, as the blooms form on the growth of the year before. Mention must be made of magnolia stellata, very lovely just now. The wood lily, trillium grandiflorum, looks well among shrubs, also the mocassin flower, cypripedium spectabile—ladies' slipper—which, however, likes moisture. It should be remembered that cotoneasters require trimming back before they have finished flowering. This is the time to increase lavender by cuttings. Firmly planted in a sandy patch of the reserve cool border, they will soon make good strong growth.

A delightful effect can be produced by planting together flowers or shrubs which come into bloom at the same time. The lovely clematis montana, grown on a south wall would make a fine background, for instance, for some of the tree pæonies (moutan). Reine Elizabeth is a good pink, so is Jeanne d'Arc; Souvenir de Ducher and George Paul are two of the darker ones. These shrubs grow well near the sea, but require some such protection as a south wall from cold winds. In front, some of the taller irises, the pale mauve pallida and the deeper blues, would be effective.

It is not too late this wet year to plant the autumn-flowering gladiolus. Place them about 4 in. deep and 6 in. apart in good soil, with no manure touching the bulbs. These add greatly to the autumn show.

The rock garden is very gay now, and the keen gardener should note the arrangements of colour, when he visits other gardens, for his future use. Anemone pulsatilla and the blue alpine anemones show up well with brilliant-coloured tulips; the alpine columbine with the many shades of aubretias, the enormous blooms of the beautiful A. gloriosa being particularly fine now. G. F. Wilson phlox might have phlox atropurpurea (this is hardier than vivid) near it, with the saxifrages, white, pink, and crimson, the blue speedwell, yellow auriculas (still in bloom), backed by the tall spikes of saxifrage peltata. Cytisus kewensis and ardoinii are making a foam of cream and yellow by daphne cneorum and berberis. Too often aubretia is allowed to seed and straggle untidily all summer. If trimmed back somewhat severely after flowering it will soon make a compact mass of green rosettes and often throw up fresh flowers during the next few months.

The early peas in the vegetable garden are ready for sticking; lettuce and leeks ready for planting out: celery plants to be set in their trenches. Scarlet runners may now be sown, and still further successions of French and dwarf Canadian beans, peas, and most other vegetables. Tomato plants can safely be put out of doors in sheltered places. One good plan is to plant them in large pots set against a sunny wall; but in any case they must be firmly staked. Those who have any running water might well try to grow watercress. Every market bunch has some roots attached; and these, planted in damp clayey soil with some sand and leaf mould at the edge of the water, would soon produce a fair crop. This has been successfully tried near the garden water tap.

The cherry orchards of Kent are white with blossom, as though covered with a mantle of snow. Apple-blossom too is rushing into bloom. The moment the petals of the plum blossom have fallen the trees should be sprayed with nicotine and soap to guard against the curse of caterpillars. Peaches, which are very liable to the ravages of red spider, require a paraffin wash.

The borders round a lawn or flagged court designed for *al fresco* meals may be filled with sweet-smelling plants; and for dinner out of doors in the hot summer evenings we are looking forward hopefully; those giving out their scent at night should be chosen, such as tobacco plants, night-scented stocks, evening primroses, and lavender and rosemary.

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Aberdeen	The Caledonian Hotel
Aberystwyth	Hotel Victoria
Do.	Lion Royal Hotel
Alnwick	White Swan Hotel
Alton	Swan Hotel
Ashford	Ye Olde Saracens Head Hotel
Aylesbury	Crown Hotel
Banbury	White Lion Hotel
Bangor (N. Wales)	Castle Hotel
Bangor (Co. Down)	Royal Hotel
Barmouth	Marine Hotel
Barnstaple	Waverley Hotel
Barrow-in-Furness	Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath	Bath Spa Hotel
Do.	Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bembridge, I.O.W.	Birdham Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed	Waterloo Hotel
Blackpool	Empire Private Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Blairgowrie	Sharpe's Temperance Hotel
Bournemouth	Branksome Tower Hotel
Do.	Cotford Hall Private Hotel
Do.	Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do.	The Haven Hotel
Do.	The Imperial Hotel
Do.	Marina House Private Hotel
Do.	Osborne Priory Hotel
Do.	Westminster Hall Hotel
Bowness-on-Windermere	Rigg's Crown Hotel
Box Hill	Burford Bridge Hotel
Bradford-on-Avon	Old Court Hotel
Bridge of Allan	Allan Water Hotel
Brighton	Belvidere Mansions Hotel
Do.	Hollywood Hotel
Broadway	Lygon Arms Hotel
Brockenhurst	Brockenhurst Hotel
Bromley Hill	Bromley Hall Court Hotel
Brora	Grand Hotel
Do.	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Budleigh Salterton	Rosemullion Hotel
Bushmills (Co. Antrim)	Causeway Hotel, Giant's Causeway
Buttermere	Victoria Hotel
Buxton	The Bedford Hotel
Do.	The Old Hall Hotel
Callander	Palace Hotel
Carrigart (Co. Donegal)	The Rosapenna Hotel
Catterick	The Bridge House Hotel
Chagford	Moor Park Hotel
Cheddar	Cliff Hotel
Cheltenham	Ellenborough Hotel
Do.	Plough Hotel
Do.	Pyatt's Hotel
Chepstow	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Chester	Queen's Hotel
Cliftonville	Grand Hotel
Do.	Grosvenor Court Hotel
Do.	Kingscliffe Hotel
Cork	Imperial Hotel
Criccieth	Caerwylan Private Hotel
Do.	Lion Hotel
Cromer	The Grand Hotel
Cromford, Matlock	Greyhound Hotel
Dalkey (Co. Dublin)	Cliff Castle Hotel
Dawlish	Sefton Hotel
Derby	Friary Hotel
Do.	Midland Hotel
Dingle (Co. Kerry)	Benner's Hotel
Dornoch	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Droitwich Spa	Impney Hotel
Do.	Raven Hotel
Dublin	Central Hotel
Do.	Royal Hibernian Hotel
Do.	Shelbourne Hotel
Dumfries	County Hotel
Dundee	Mather's Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Dunkeld	Birnam Hotel
Dun Laoghaire (Dublin)	Ross's Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Eastbourne	Grand Hotel
Do.	Southdown Hotel
Do.	The Chatsworth Hotel
Do.	York House Hotel
Edinburgh	Barnton Hotel, Cramond Bridge
Do.	Caledonian Hotel
Do.	Cranstons Old Waverley Hotel
Do.	Roxburghe Hotel
Do.	Royal British Hotel
Elie	Marine Hotel
Exeter	Royal Clarence Hotel
Falmouth	Falmouth Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
Folkestone	Grand Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Fort William	Imperial Hotel
Fowey	Fowey Hotel
Do.	Riverside Hotel
Do.	St. Catherine's Hotel
Glasgow	Central Hotel
Do.	George Hotel, 235, Buchanan Street
Do.	St. Enoch Hotel
Gleneagles	Gleneagles Hotel
Glengarriff (Cork)	Golf Links Hotel
Gloucester	New Inn Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Goathland	The Goathland Hydro Hotel
Golspie	Sutherland Arms Hotel
Gorleston-on-Sea	The Pier Hotel
Grantown-on-Spey	Grant Arms Hotel
Greenock	Tontive Hotel
Gt. Malvern	Hardwicke Hotel
Guernsey	Richmond Hotel
Guildford	Shalford Park Hotel
Gullane	Bisset's Hotel
Do.	Marine Hotel
Halifax	White Swan Hotel
Harrogate	Cairn Hydropathic Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Do.	Granby Hotel
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Majestic Hotel
Do.	Wellington Hotel
Hastings	Queen's Hotel
Heathfield	Heathfield Hotel
Henley-on-Thames	Imperial Hotel
Hereford	Green Dragon Hotel
Hindhead	Highcroft and Golfers Private Hotel
Horns Cross	Hoops Inn
Hove	St. Catherine's Lodge Hotel
Hull	White House Hotel
Hythe	Sutherland House Hotel
Ilfracombe	Crescent Hotel
Inverness	Station Hotel
Keswick	Barrow House Hotel
Do.	County Hotel
Do.	Keswick Hotel
Do.	The Borrowdale Hotel
Do.	Skiddaw Hotel
Do.	Queen's Hotel
Kingussie	Star Hotel
Kyle of Lochalsh	Loch Duich Hotel, Ardelve
Leamington Spa	Alkerton House Private Hotel
Do.	Crown Hotel
Leeds	Queen's Hotel
Littlehampton	Southlands Hotel
Liverpool	Adelphi Hotel
Do.	Exchange Hotel
Do.	North Western Hotel
Llandrindod Wells	Ye Wells Hotel
Llandudno	Empire Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Loch Awe, Argyllshire	Loch Awe Hotel
London	Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1
Do.	Arundel Hotel, Arundel Street, W.C.2
Do.	Berkeley Court Hotel, 29, Leinster Gardens, W.2
Do.	Craven Hotel, Craven Street, W.C.2
Do.	Euston Hotel, Drummond Street, N.W.1
Do.	Hyde Park Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.
Do.	Jules Hotel, 85-86-87, Jermyn St., Piccadilly, S.W.1
Do.	Midland Grand Hotel, Euston Road, St. Pancras, N.W.1
Do.	New Norfolk Hotel, London St., W.2
Do.	Palace Hotel, Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1
Do.	Rembrandt Hotel, South Kensington, S.W.
Do.	Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Sq., S.W.1
Do.	South Kensington Hotel, Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.
Do.	Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
Do.	Three Nuns Hotel, Aldgate, E.C.3
Do.	West Central Hotel, 101, Southampton Row, W.C.1
Looe	Fieldhead Hotel
Lossiemouth	Stotfield Hotel
Lowestoft	Esplanade Hotel
Do.	Imperial Hotel
Lyme Regis	Alexandra Hotel
Do.	Pitt House Hotel
Do.	Stile House Hotel
Do.	The Bay Hotel
Lynmouth	Tors Hotel
Lytham	Clifton Hotel
Maidenhead	Skindles Hotel
Do.	Dumb Bell Hotel
Malvern	British Camp Hotel
Manchester	Midland Hotel
Matlock	Rockside Hydro
Milford-on-Sea	Kingsmede Hotel
Minehead	Kingsway Private Hotel
Moretonhampstead	Manor House Hotel
Morthoe	Watersmeet Hotel
Nairn	Royal Marine Hotel
Newquay	Atlantic Hotel
Do.	Headland Hotel
Do.	St. Rumon's Hotel
Do.	Hotel Victoria
Northampton	Stag's Head Hotel
North Berwick	Marine Hotel
Do.	Royal Hotel
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Oxford	Randolph Hotel
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Penrith	Ullswater Hotel
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Do.	The Manor Private Hotel
Do.	Pavilion Hotel
Seaford	Battle Creek Hotel
Seaton	The Royal Clarence Hotel
Shanklin	Channel View Hotel
Sheffield	Albany Hotel
Do.	Angel Hotel
Sidmouth	Belmont Hotel
Do.	Fortfield Hotel
Do.	Torbay View Hotel
Do.	Victoria Hotel
Do.	Westcliff Hall Hotel
Southport	Prince of Wales Hotel
Southsea	Gladstone Hotel
Do.	Royal Beach Hotel
Southwold	The Swan Hotel
Staines	Pack Horse Hotel
Stonehaven	Royal Hotel
Stranraer	King's Arms Hotel
Stratford-on-Avon	Arden Hotel
Stroud	The Bear Inn
Swanage	Craigside Hotel
Taunton	Castle Hotel
Teignmouth	Beach Hotel
Do.	Dunmore Hotel, Shaldon
Do.	Undercliff Hotel, Shaldon
Templecombe	Templecombe House Hotel
Thurlestone (S. Devon)	Rock House Private Hotel
Do.	Thurlestone Hotel
Tintern	Beaufort Arms Hotel
Torquay	Allerdale Hotel
Do.	Babbacombe Cliff Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Babbacombe Glen Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Grand Hotel
Do.	Haldon Manor Hotel
Do.	Hennapyn Private Hotel
Do.	Links Hotel, Babbacombe
Do.	Livermead Cliff Hotel
Do.	Osborne Hotel
Do.	Palace Hotel
Do.	Palm Court Hotel
Do.	Roslin Hall Hotel
Do.	The Sandringham Private Hotel
Do.	The Torquay Hydro-hotel, Daddyhole Plain
Do.	Victoria and Albert Hotel
Do.	White House Hotel
Troon	Marine Hotel
Tunbridge Wells	Earl's Court Hotel
Do.	Royal Mount Ephraim Hotel
Ullapool	Royal Hotel
Ventnor	Royal Hotel
Do.	Royal Marine Hotel
Warwick	Lord Leycester Hotel
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West Hartlepool	Birks Station Hotel
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Do.	Royal Hotel
Whitley Bay	Waverley Hotel
Windermere	Belsfield Hotel
Do.	Low Wood Hotel
Windsor	The Old House Hotel
Woking	Heathside Hotel
Woolacombe	Whin Bay Hotel
Do.	Woolacombe Bay Hotel
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